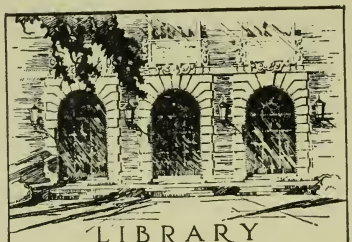

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
G66mo
v.3

Return this book on or before the
Latest Date stamped below.

University of Illinois Library

MAY 26 1950

L161—H41

MODERN

FRENCH LIFE.

EDITED

BY MRS. GORE.

herine Grace Frances (Moody) Gore

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1842.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SCHULZE AND CO., 13, POLAND STREET.

823
G66mo
V. 3
English

MODERN FRENCH LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

INTENT upon his project of vengeance, the future husband of Madame de Versan took a hasty dinner at his café, and then proceeded to the Rue Courty. This spot, with which my readers are probably unfamiliar, is a mean-looking narrow street, in which a student would barely condescend to lodge, but much frequented by the deputies from the provinces; its vicinity to the Chamber and probably the moderate charges of the hotels, being the cause of this distinguished preference. It was there that Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde) had taken up his quarters for the session, which had been open about two months. In

535187

addition to a small room without a fire-place, which they had the pretension to call a bed-room, the apartment of the honourable deputy, was composed of a larger room, which served for his study, drawing-room and dining-room. A tattered carpet sparingly covered the brick floor, while old fashioned arm-chairs were ranged along the wall. Upon the chimney-piece, was a clock surmounted with a crouching Venus, a somewhat anacreontic subject for the lodging of a national advocate, and the busts of Voltaire and Rousseau, who, from their opposite pedestals, seemed complacently smiling at each other. Such were the principal objects ornamenting the apartment.

When Adolphe entered, several persons were assembled, waiting the return of the honourable member from a prolonged debate. Accustomed to the ways of the house, the young man took up his station before the fire-place, without noticing the individuals pre-

sent, whose faces were strange to him; poked up the fire, and sitting down close by the lamp, took up the *Constitutionnel* and read—he knew not what, the face of the Countess de Chantevilliers intruding itself between the paper and him. His fit of thoughtfulness lasted some time, favoured by the strict silence which all present thought proper to observe. At length, a noise from without put an end to the general impatience. With the exception of Adolphe, every one rose as the door moved, when the deputy entered, followed by two law students, who seemed to act as his aides-de-camp.

Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde,) was a tall stout man, about forty years of age, who, at first sight seemed fitter for the struggles of the arena, than those of the tribune. His herculean shoulders and full development of his person, announced unusual vigor of body; commanding more attention than his features, which, though common, dis-

played some signs of intelligence and capacity. His small eyes, full of fire, sparkled under his short bushy eye-brows; his long and high coloured face, was shaded by dark-brown frizzled hair; while on the crown of his head, was a denuded circle, as neatly described as a monastic tonsure. To complete the description of the person by that of the costume, the deputy of the left side wore a customary suit of solemn black; for we must not forget to mention, that Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde,) was a lawyer.

The deputy from Bordeaux traversed his small drawing-room with forensic dignity; offering his hand, without uncovering himself, to those who awaited him. He then proceeded into his bed-room, from whence he quickly issued, his head bare, and attired in a plaid dressing-gown. Thus arrayed in the ease of domestic life, he stood against the mantle piece, his hands crossed behind him; and addressed his assembled friends in a senatorial tone.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "our debate was a warm one! I thought the amendment would have passed. One hundred and eighty-two in favour, and one hundred and ninety-two against. A majority of ten, not one more. —If we gain only five, the Portalis project will be upset,—a most deplorable project, to make use of the terms of our addresses. For my part, I do not conceal it, I prefer the Peyronnet measure, a measure of "*justice and love,*" which had at all events the merit of sincerity. Ah, Dauriac! good evening! Were you at the chamber?—I mentioned to you yesterday my intention of speaking, but I gave the precedence to Casimir Perier.—It will be for to-morrow. Your business, Sir?" continued the deputy, addressing a young man dressed in black, who stood at his right craning with his mouth wide open.

"Sir," replied he, "producing a letter the size of a ministerial dispatch, "this is from my father, Monsieur Chaumenu, a householder at

Bordeaux; one of the electors who had the honour of naming you."

"Humph!" said the deputy, knitting his ample eye-brows, and opening the formidable letter, with a deliberation announcing complete indifference to its contents.—"Humph!" exclaimed he, reading it at a glance, "a place! Your father solicits a place for you,—reminding me that I had his suffrage at the last election. It was indeed, a mark of esteem, a signal honour he did me; and pray tell him, that I never can forget it. But as to patronage, Sir, I have none, and as these gentlemen can attest. It is not on the benches of the left side, that the honours of office are lavished. If we upset the ministry, perhaps my influence may be greater; and be assured that the son of my worthy constituent Monsieur Boismenu"—

"Chaumenu!" amended the young Gascon.

"The son of Monsieur Chaumenu, may be sure that he is the first on my list."

An inclination of the head implied to the youth that his audience was finished; and bowing low to the representative of his native city, he accordingly departed.

"And you, gentlemen; do you come to solicit places?"—said Monsieur Groscassand, (de la Gironde,) surveying with a peculiar smile, the circle around him.

"As to me, Sir, I will not detain you long," replied a diminutive little man, in a wig. "I am a physician at Blaye, and in that capacity am charged with a petition from the faculty, against the remedies and dispensations of the Sisters of charity.

"Good! I undertake it," said the deputy laying the paper on his bureau. "But have you no petitions against the Jesuits? We have some idea of giving an admonition to the reverend fathers, and a few well managed petitions might produce good effect."

"Doubtless Sir!" replied the little man, in a wig. "It is easy enough, and I will set about it immediately."

"Sir," said another, opening a wide portfolio, "this is the subscription to the political, religious, historical letters of Lemaire, two volumes 8vo., price fifteen francs. All the principal members of our party have subscribed to it. Monsieur Benjamin Constant, Monsieur Perier,—M——."

"Are you going to recite the whole litany of the left side?" interrupted Groscassand, snatching up the book in which he inscribed his name. "It is thus I am pillaged, day after day, in the name of the good cause!—"

"Two full volumes, Sir," said the clerk, "and a magnificent edition!"

"Good! my constituents will have to fish back the fifteen francs, I have thrown into the water," said Groscassand.

A waiter now opened the door and brought in a small table, upon which was a dinner ready served; at the sight of which, the deputy was doubly gratified; for he was both hungry and tired of his visitors.

"A thousand pardons, gentlemen," said he, placing himself at the table. "But a deputy of the opposition is not punctilious as to etiquette. Besides, I am a rustic. As Beranger sings: "my grand-father was a ploughman, and I am proud of it." I do not dine with ministers, and my repast is too modest for me to beg you to share it. Excuse the want of ceremony. I must work after dinner; for I have to speak to-morrow, upon an important question—the liberty of the press. You may imagine, that I am engrossed by the subject. Adieu, gentlemen. Dauriac, stay! —A word with you."

The intruders having departed, Monsieur Groscassand emitted a sigh of satisfaction, and attacked the soup.

"Well, my dear fellow, *quid novi?*" inquired the deputy, taking a glass of wine. "I had something to say to you. Ah! I remember! Last year, after the withdrawal of the law upon the press, the students of the schools

proceeded in a body to the several deputies: Sebastiani, Royer Collard, Benjamin Constant, &c. I do not admire the system of public demonstrations—a mere imitation of England —and you know I am a pure Girondin. Still, if we upset the Portalis motion, and these processions are renewed, it might be as well if they came to me. The idea is not suggested by stupid vanity; but I have been in the van since the commencement of the session; and to-morrow shall make another desperate effort. I am to be strongly supported. Foy and Manuel are dead, and we want new names to replace them. When I look around me, I see no very formidable opponents. You have many friends in the schools of law, and can manage it so that it will not appear extraordinary."

"Rely upon me," said Adolphe. "But, for this evening, a truce to politics, for I have some particulars to ask you on a subject which much concerns me."

"Speak on,—I am listening!"

"Who is Monsieur de Chantevilliers?"—

"A president of Bordeaux, who never quits Paris, at which our bar is enchanted," replied the Deputy. "Chantevilliers is an official ass, but a good fellow in the main."

"And his wife?"—inquired Adolphe.

"His wife?"—resumed the deputy, holding his fork suspended over his plate. "His wife, is of a different calibre.—His wife is a knowing one!"

"A knowing one?" exclaimed Dauriac. "I have heard her described as a superior being."

"Of course. All knowing ones are so described. But with what views, do you make these inquiries? Are you in love with Madame de Chantevilliers?"—

"Supposing I were?" said Adolphe, cautiously.

"In that case, I have only to add *beware!* Many, as wary as you, have singed their wings at the same torch."

"Yourself, perhaps?" said Adolphe, observing the significant smile of his friend.

"I don't say no!" replied the deputy, in a graver tone.

"At the risk of being thought impertinent, I entreat you, to explain yourself."

"My dear friend, you shew me your cards," replied the deputy. "You are in love with Madame de Chantevilliers. You have been informed that I myself was formerly her admirer, and want to turn my experience to good account. Your plan is well conceived, but ill-executed."

"You were in love with her then?" replied Adolphe.

"Why should I make a mystery of what was notorious to all Bordeaux? It was twelve years ago, in 1816, when she was twenty-five, and beautiful. Not a woman at court comparable with her! She had even then her present queen-like bearing, but with more grace and lightness. She is now grown fat; an objection

ill-becoming *me,* you will say, for I alas! have not grown thin,—though unrequited love passes for a dessicative."

"Your passion then, was unrequited?" inquired Dauriac, with extreme anxiety.

"It was! I need not tell you that the wound is now healed; but at the time, I was tempted to throw myself into the Gironde.—Fortunately, I thought better of it."

"Did she prefer another?"

"Another?" exclaimed Monsieur de Groscassand. "Nobody in the world, my dear fellow! Several had been at her feet before me; several were there afterwards. But not one can boast of having achieved the least advantage."

"Then, after all, she is a paragon of virtue!"—said Adolphe, disappointed in his inquiries.

"You may well say so, since she resisted *me!*"

"She has led a spotless life, I fear," faltered Adolphe.

" As unsunned snow !" said the deputy, with a sardonic smile; " a heart as cold as her reputation is pure. You have before you, my dear fellow, an enterprise worthy your ambition !"

" Such obstacles must have been made for me !" thought Adolphe, in despair. " Where am I to find the vulnerable heel of this piece of perfection !"

These allusions to the days of his love had no influence on the appetite of Monsieur Groscassand, who, having dined largely, rose from the table.

" Well ?—How have you determined your public career ?" asked he, of his young friend. " Do you keep your terms ?—Are you still for the bar ?—Am I to speak to Lafitte and Perier ?"—

" Thank you," said Adolphe, " I am already provided for."

" A place ?—of what nature ?"—inquired the deputy.

"In the home department."

"A place under government!" cried the deputy, in his gruffest voice. "You, Dauriac, —you, that I esteem and call my friend!—It is impossible!—You are jesting."—

"Not the least, I assure you," replied Adolphe, surprised at this invective. "You know I have but little fortune."

"Work then!" said the colleague of Benjamin Constant.

"It is precisely for that purpose I solicited employment."

"Under government? absurd! When I said 'work,' I alluded to your profession,—the bar, —which is an honourable and independent calling, of which the result, if successful, is most positive. I, for instance, make thirty thousand francs per annum, at the Bordeaux bar. At Paris it would be doubled."

"But consider that your position is made, and that mine is to make. You have abilities, —have I?—Lastly, you are settled at Bor-

deaux, I at Paris. Have you reflected upon the number of competitors here, and how many I must trample down before I can succeed."

"Well then, there is commerce! I offered to interest myself for you, with their financial highnesses."

"Dependence for dependence, I prefer the service of my country," said Adolphe.

"Your country! There I have you!" exclaimed the deputy, as eagerly as if he had been at the tribune;—"and what do you call your country? Is it the government or the nation, pray?—The ministry or thirty millions of Frenchmen, who are not in place?—I know many self-styled liberals, who have no scruple in accepting places under government; nay, who are the most inveterate of place hunters; that Boimenu, or Chaumenu to wit, who, after having figured in the republican camp, sends me his idiot son to get him employed as valet to Charles X. It is not for you to

follow the example of such miscreants, my young friend! At that rate, you will soon forfeit all that is most precious in the world—the esteem of others and your own. Betwixt Rome and Carthage, you must decide. If you accept a government patronage, become at once its vassal,—its serf!—Such is your duty, since it supports you. But in that case, how dare you shew your face among us, where we have already too many double-faced and deceitful adherents?—What will your intimate friends think of you? Even that which your enemies will say aloud—'There goes Dauriac who has sold himself to the crown!'"

In uttering this, Monsieur Groscassand raised his right hand to the level of his left eye, and made a terrific diagonal cut, happily only striking the air in illustration of his eloquence.

"Sold?—Never!" cried Dauriac, raising both arms with an equally energetic gesticulation.

"It will be said, it will be believed, and with justice. Appearances will condemn you. Too lucky, if you do not hear whistle past your ear the murderous balls of 'spy,'—'traitor!'"—

"Sir," said Adolphe, gravely, "he, who dared pronounce them in my hearing, would hazard the forfeiture of his life."

"Young man," replied the deputy of Bordeaux, in a stern voice, "I am accustomed to speak the truth to all—friends as well as foes. I behold you on the brink of a precipice, and must point it out to you, since you are too blind to see it."

"I am not quite so selfish as you seem to think," replied Adolphe, with a bitter smile. "I have been poor and can be so again, though I have good reasons for wishing to be otherwise. If I would believe that holding this place could bring a doubt upon the integrity of my opinions, I would resign it to-morrow!"

"*To-night* if possible. Never defer a good resolution."

"Do you conscientiously and seriously advise me thus? Remember, it is not I alone who am concerned!—I am about to be married!"

"Were you my brother, I would not advise you otherwise," said the member of the extreme left.

"Adieu!" replied Adolphe, "I leave you,—for it is late. But I will soon prove to you the integrity of my soul, in a question of honour."

The two gentlemen shook hands. Adolphe retired; and while pursuing his way homewards, was absorbed by meditations far from satisfactory.

"A sorry day's work!" said he, as he reentered his apartment. "A thousand crowns per annum sacrificed! For my mind is made up. Betwixt honour and interest, one cannot hesitate. Groscassand is a man of the ancient

stamp, and ought to have been born a Spartan. He is disagreeably frank, it is true; but with such upright principles, a man has a right to be an austere judge. I am beginning to be out of conceit of virtue carried to fanaticism. By what fatality is it that, on one of the darkest days of my life, I have been fated to encounter two such phœnixes as an irreproachable woman, and an incorruptible politician!"—

CHAPTER III.

A RESTLESS night confirmed Dauriac in his resolution of sacrificing his place to the esteem of his friend the popular member; as well as of chastising the arrogance of the Countess, even if, to reach this model of supernatural perfection, he were to follow her to the skies, as Diomed formerly attacked the divinities of Olympus.

The first of these projects being the easiest to accomplish, the admirer of Madame de Versan decided to proceed with it, before he even saw the object of his affections, whose remonstrances he had most to dread.

After breakfast, therefore, he hastened, to the ministry of the home department, and

gained admittance without difficulty;—his well known face enjoying the prerogative of the intimates of the house; and proceeded straight to the cabinet of Monsieur Sabathier, the door of which, was immediately opened by a servant in the ministerial livery.

The sanctuary of office offered the cold and cheerless aspect peculiar to the haunts of the pen-ocracy. The shelves round the room were loaded with green-paper-boxes; and in the centre was a heavy table, covered with a green-cloth. Here and there, a few mahogany chairs completed the furniture; of which the leading feature was a plaster bust of Charles X., placed upon a pedestal, which had been previously honoured by the head of Napoleon, and was awaiting that of Louis Philippe.

At the angle of the chimney-piece, stood a bureau covered with documents; before which, sat Monsieur Sabathier in one of those low-backed chairs which do not permit the indulgence of lounging; and are therefore preferred

by diligent men of business. A wolf skin was spread under a table surrounded by a screen; in the centre of which, sat the principal clerk, like a saint in a niche, announcing the selfish care which man bestows upon his accustomed haunt. With this single exception, an anchorite might have approved the simplicity of the administrative cell.

On hearing the door open, Monsieur Sabathier raised his head, which he lowered upon seeing Adolphe; continuing the reading of the document he held in hand, and from the effect of custom, as many as six lines at a time. Habituated to official receptions, Dauriac waited patiently the notice of his protector. Having finished his task and made certain marginal annotations, replaced the memorial in his bureau, and lifted his spectacles upon his bald forehead, with an ironical smile, he fixed his eyes upon the young man.

"Do you know, Dauriac," said he, "that, were we still under the dominion of the high church party, your nomination would, in all

probability, be cancelled? — Certain tender walks may be very delightful! but you should wait till the trees have leaves in the Jardin des Plantes. At this season of the year, it is difficult to conceal oneself."

"I was sure I should be reprimanded," said Adolphe, smiling.

"Envied, you should say," replied the old man gaily. "Though you have little discretion, you have excellent taste;—she is a charming little woman!"

"Who will be Madame Dauriac before three months have elapsed."

"In that case, book me for the wedding. I mean to dance with the bride. I had my misgivings. Forgive me, my good friend! Appearances rather warranted it. Between you and I, it is not customary to walk *tête à tête* with the lady one is about to marry; and decorum before every thing!"

"I am aware of it, Sir, and have already repented my imprudence."

"You do well to marry," said Monsieur Saba-

thier. "I had already given you that advice. With a wife and a place, it is difficult to diverge from the right road. As to your place, it is a settled thing, and you may enter upon your functions as soon as you like. The head of your department is to be with me this morning, and I will present you to him. Remain here, therefore. He is a worthy man with whom you will agree very well."

"Sir," replied the young man, somewhat embarrassed, "I know not how to testify my gratitude for the interest you deign to manifest in my behalf. I would willingly owe my position to you, the oldest friend of my father;—but—I trust you will not ascribe to any feeling of ingratitude, my inability to avail myself of your kind offices."

"What means all this?" cried the official, hastily raising his spectacles. "You will not accept the place?"

"I am compelled to refuse it," said Adolphe.

"And for what reason, pray? Have you a chance of a better?"

"No, indeed!"

"You have inherited a fortune, then?"

"No, Sir!"

"You are going to marry a rich wife?"

"No richer than myself!"

"A prize in the lottery, then?"

"No, Sir, my position is just as it was."

"In that case, can you or will you account for this sudden change in your projects?" inquired the official, fixing the young man steadily.

"You are acquainted with my opinions, Sir. They are such as forbid my accepting a favour from a party with whom I feel but little sympathy."

"Your opinions!" said the old man, shrugging his shoulders. "Yesterday, they allowed you to serve the government—to-day they forbid you! Whence this change, in four and twenty hours Such a determination does

not proceed from you alone. I feel convinced that some other influence has suggested it! Listen to me, Dauriac! Like your father, you are hot headed, and I will be as little sparing towards you, as towards him. What means this folly?—Your whole fortune consists of four thousand francs per annum, and you refuse an employment which would double your income; ay, at the very moment of your marriage! This is madness!—answer me frankly—who have you seen since yesterday?"

"I need no one to suggest to me that which I consider my duty," replied Adolphe, sententiously.

"A phrase worthy of a Spartan. But remember, this is Paris! Once more, *whose* advice do you follow?—Not your wife's, I am certain!—Women are more reasonable!"

"On such questions, one consults one's political friends, and not one's wife."

"And one generally repents it! But quit

these generalities, and name to me, if you dare, one of your political friends who forbids you serving the state?"

"And why not?" said Adolphe, hastily.

"Name them, then!" replied the obstinate old man.

"I will name you *one*," replied Dauriac, who would have been puzzled to find another; "and the name I am about to pronounce, gives some weight to the advice I follow."

"It is Epictetus then, or Socrates!"

"It is Groscassand (de la Gironde)!" said Dauriac, gravely.

"The deputy of the left?" inquired Monsieur Sabathier, retaining on his thin colourless lips, one of those silent sneers, that form one of the characteristic of Cooper's Leather stocking.

"There are not two of that name in Paris, I fancy," said Adolphe, with much consequence.

The official rose, and passing into an adjoining room, and opening a bureau, took out a paper which he read; then replacing it, locked up the bureau, and returned to his seat in the arm chair.

"You need not consult your black-book!" said Adolphe, affecting to laugh. "Groscassand is of the old stamp and incorruptible. He is of virgin gold, and the man must be clever who can detect in him the least alloy. Throughout his political career, he has resisted all temptations with supreme contempt. It is notorious, that he refused the cross of the legion of honour, as well as a counsellorship at the royal court at Bordeaux."

The venerable official listened to these words with attention; and took a silent pinch of snuff.

"My dear friend," said he, at length, "how old are you?—Twenty-four, I believe?"

"I am five and twenty," said Adolphe.

"Then allow me to say, that you are very

young of your age. You would do well to be more deliberate in your judgment of men and things. He who, like you, has his way to make, should eschew the errors of optimism. There is something childish in your enthusiastic admiration of Monsieur Groscassand. Learn, in the first place, that no one refuses the cross of the legion of honour, as it is only granted to those who solicit it; so that the pretension of your friend is a mere boast."

"It was not he who told it to me."

"As to the counsellorship at Bordeaux, he might have had it, and took no further steps for that purpose. But what does that prove? That Monsieur Groscassand prefers the emoluments of the bar, which bring him in thirty thousand francs per annum, to the honourable appointment which only produces three thousand. A mere heroism of arithmetic! To judge from the attitude he takes in the chamber, on the most trifling occasions, his ambition is far more aspiring. The suc-

cessor to Foy and Manuel, (I believe that is the title allotted him?) intends to be an attorney-general, or president, and that, after a single session! Next year if his party prosper, nothing will satisfy him short of the robe of the keeper of the seals."

"Allow me to interrupt you," exclaimed Dauriac, eagerly. "You entertain the most unfounded prejudices against Groscassand. He is not to be bought, and I will stake my head upon his honour."

"Your head is at present firm upon your shoulders;—be cautious in risking it. Ex-professionally, Groscassand is rich, and independent. A high position in his own country, a leading member of the chamber, what distinction can he want more?

"I repeat to you, he is of the right metal, and superior to all temptations."

"Except those of vanity."

"You do not believe then, in his disinterestedness?" inquired Dauriac, eagerly.

Monsieur Sabathier took up the tongs and methodically turned over a burning log that was lying on the hearth.

"What would you say," inquired he, "if your distinguished friend, before the close of the session, were turned over from the left side to the right, as is the case with the log I have this moment removed."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Adolphe.

"Listen!" said the official. "You may imagine that we shall not long be burthened with the place you have so disdainfully rejected. I have upon my list sixty candidates for it, all panting for the nomination. But from consideration for your father, as well as friendship, I will not accept your negociation. I allow you a fortnight's reflection. Before then, (who knows?) you may chance to see your incorruptible deputy, voting with ministers."

"In that case, make me a clerk in your office, and I swear to accept the appointment."

"That would not suit the views of Jacquart," replied Monsieur Sabathier, turning his head

towards an individual, who had just entered the room. "What is the matter, Jacquart?"

The messenger came up, and whispered something in the ear of the official, inaudible to Adolphe.

"Shew the lady up," said the old man. "I was pretty sure she would come to-day."

The messenger departed, and Dauriac was about to follow; when the old gentleman made him a mysterious sign to stay.

"I am certain," said Sabathier, "you are recurring to my malicious observations of yesterday. But you are mistaken. At my age, one may receive the most charming angel with perfect propriety. Are you discreet?"

"As the grave!" replied the admirer of Monsieur Groscassand.

"In that case, go into that room!" said Monsieur Sabathier, pointing to the inner chamber, which he had himself previously entered.—"Above all, not a word—not a syllable!"—

Dauriac obeyed, and just in time; for the door again opened, and he had a glimpse of a lady of distinguished appearance, whose dress presented the most exquisite simplicity of a morning *négligé*. His curiosity was changed into astonishment, on perceiving that this interesting female was neither more nor less than the object of his detestation, Madame la Comtesse de Chantevilliers !—

" What has the dragon of virtue to do in the earth of this wary old fox?" thought he. " Is this according to the strict laws of decorum?"—

Such was the first inquiry, which the ex-placeman addressed to himself; and, in spite of his much vaunted discretion, his ear was quickly applied to the door.

CHAPTER IV.

Monsieur Sabathier advanced politely towards the Countess, who with unusual familiarity, took the deserted chair of Adolphe, refusing the post of honour.

"No, no!" cried she, urging the official to resume his seat. "No ceremony with me, or I will not repeat my visit. You must have known that I could not pass your office without coming in to scold you?"

"What is my offence, Madam?" asked the old man, courteously. "Believe me, I can reproach myself with nothing."

"Is it nothing then, to neglect your friends so cruelly? Do you not know I am at home on Wednesdays; that my house has been open

this month past, and that you have not set your foot there yet. Is not all this too bad?"

"I go so little into the world!"

"But surely, your friends have a claim! No, no! You cannot succeed in excusing yourself; and the only way to obtain your pardon, is to promise to come the day after to-morrow. I have a ball. You have no doubt received an invitation; but I come in person, in order that there may be no excuse for a refusal."

"I am overcome by such unmerited honour; but I have not danced these thirty years."

"Who dances now? You will be amused without dancing. I shall have a multitude of peers, and several ambassadors. I hold much to making my circle select. I weeded it only yesterday."

"Weeded it!" repeated Dauriac, faintly. "She calls her insolence to Adrienne, weed-

ing! Immaculate angel! let me only catch you tripping!"

"I am thought severe, and exclusive," continued the Countess. "But let the world have its say!—A woman cannot be too particular in the choice of her acquaintances, and I never could understand the tolerance of ladies who transform their houses into caravanserais. I confess, I do not like new faces. Nevertheless, my dear Chevalier, if you have any presentable young men in your department who are fond of dancing, I shall be delighted to see them."

The man in office, eyeing the luckless ribbon which had brought down upon him this feudal distinction, replied with an ironical smile, "Alas! Madam, I am no longer misled by the vanities of youth, and however flattering your intentions, am not to be deluded. I cannot suppose you have sought me in my office, for the purpose of recruiting a dancer

of my age; it is said, that the real object of women's letters, lies in the postscript."

"And you wish to know the postcript of my visit?" interrupted Madame de Chantevilliers, with the most unblushing coolness. "Am I to understand that you find me importunate, and wish me to go? But with *you* I can never be angry! Besides, I know the value of your time. Well then, my dear Monsieur Sabathier, with your usual penetration, your supposition is just. My visit is *not* disinterested; I am come to tease and torment you about our important affair."

"You are at least consistent!" replied the old man.

"Do not laugh at me, for the matter is serious. A creation of peers is to take place before the end of the session. You will not allow it, in your ministerial circles; but I know it from the best authority. Remember I fell ill after the ordonnance of the 5th of November,

in which the name of Monsieur de Chantevilliers was omitted, in spite of all the promises which had been made me; and if *this* time he be not made a peer, I shall not only be ill, but *die!*—Do you wish me to fall a victim to disappointment?"—

The irreproachable Countess, who had reached her eight and thirtieth year, uttered these last words in a faint voice and with languishing eyes, with the determined coquetry of a woman of five and twenty.

"So!" thought Dauriac, "these miracles of decorum are tolerably well versed, I see, in the manœuvres of their sex!" And he half opened the door the better to observe.

"The King appreciates Monsieur de Chantevilliers," said the high born lady; "and I feel convinced would name him with pleasure. Monsieur de Martignac is also disposed in his favour. But I need not remind you, that a King's memory and minister's promise, my dear Chevalier, are fragile things. I rely,

therefore, only upon you! The nominations are in your hands, and you alone can support the name of my husband."

"To support his name it must be on the list!" said the imperturbable man in office.

"Is it not so, then?" exclaimed the Countess; "I guessed as much! Yet, surely if any one have a better claim to that distinction than another, it is Monsieur de Chantevilliers, he being one of the first families of Guienne, (I do not allude to mine.) His fortune is considerable. The post he occupies at Bordeaux, at the council-general—his solid principles, his firm devotion, and faithful services—place him in such a peculiar position, that in soliciting a peerage, he asserts a right, rather than solicits a favour."

During the enumeration of the candidate's merits, Monsieur Sabathier seemed absorbed in thought. But he now aroused himself, with an artful smile upon his countenance,

"Countess!" said he, "just now, you ac-

cused me of dissimulation, I now address you with undeniable frankness. It is true there is to be a new batch of peers, not as numerous as that of the 5th of November, but limited; and I do not conceal from you that they will be most guarded in their selection. I need not tell you, Madam, that in politics, friendship gives way to policy. The ministers must fortify their position. In the impossibility of rewarding all their numerous adherents, it is but natural they should decide in favour of present services to those of former days. Monsieur de Chantevilliers may have every possible right to the dignity of the peerage; moreover, he has solicited it these ten years, which is of itself almost a claim; yet I regret t o say, he will not be nominated."

"You would have me believe, then, that past services are to be forgotten; that they will dare overlook the actual services of Monsieur de Chantevilliers, and set him aside! Does he not still serve the government, as he has

incessantly since 1815? At this moment, is he not at the chamber voting with the ministers? Are they not sure of his influence, his support?"

"*Too* sure, perhaps," replied the malicious official.

Madame de Chantevilliers opened her fine eyes, as if they had made the sudden discovery of a new horizon.

"Such, then, is the solution of the riddle!" said she, confounded. "To obtain his just recompense, he must range himself on the benches of the opposition?"

"It is too late," said the old official, calmly.

"Too late?" repeated the Countess. "Perhaps not! No one can doubt the fidelity of my husband's opinions; but the neglect manifested towards him would shake fidelity itself! Injustice fills up the gulph between devotion and desertion. The ministers would do well to remember the example of Coriolanus."

"Alas! Madam, what has the Count done, that you compare him with such a renegade as Coriolanus? Yet, I dare swear," said the malicious official, "you will never be obliged to throw yourself at his feet to implore the salvation of your country. The electricity of the ministerial bench would raise him from his seat, when his party rose to vote. A black ball would scorch his hand! Never could he throw it into the urn. Monsieur de Chantevilliers is ministerial to the marrow of his bones. Every one knows it. Better, perhaps, had he been less prodigal, and more wary in his boundless devotion to the government, so as to have challenged the vigilance of the eye of power. In this dilemma, Monsieur de Chantevilliers finds himself in the position of a woman who loses her empire from having betrayed her boundless love. I here unveil a naked truth in politics; which is the necessity of stipulating the price of a service before you perform it. To exact of the ministers that they cancel the terms

of the contract, is to ask the price of a thing they no longer possess. Monsieur de Chantevilliers is very well in his way, in the Chamber of Deputies. But they are sure of his vote; and, believe me, Madam, if he have nothing better to offer than his services, his chance of promotion is a poor one."

The Countess rose, and stood some time confused.

"If he have nothing better to offer than his services! What mean you by that?"—said she, with a sigh.

"I mean to say that, as far as regards himself, Monsieur de Chantevilliers has lost the field; but there are still means for his succeeding."

"And how, pray?" inquired the Countess, much agitated.

"Through yourself, Madam," replied Monsieur Sabathier, taking a pinch of snuff.

The deputy's wife rose, and drew her chair nearer to the man in office.

"Explain yourself, explain yourself!"

cried she, with childish impatience.—"What can I do?—What service can I render?—Have I a vote in the Chamber?"

"A lady of your attractions, Madam, need not to go to the Chamber to vote. You alluded to Coriolanus in talking of your husband. Allow me to call to your mind the name of the Duchess de Longueville. Is not the parallel more in place?"

"But the Duchess of Longueville was a woman of questionable reputation," said she, knitting her brows.

"Our habits differ essentially, Madam, from those of the Fronde. Without resorting to the extremes of the sister of the great Condé, a woman may still, even in these days, acquire political influence."

"I agree with you," said Madame de Chantevilliers; "there are many examples of it. But with regard to myself, what would you suggest?"

"The ministers, Madam, are far from sure of their majority; and weary of the uncertainty of their position, are determined to make an end of it. It is essential to them to bring over half a dozen members of the opposition, which would give a difference of twelve votes in favour of ministers. It so happens, that there is a man in the chamber who has succeeded in enlisting under his banners several new members; and who, with that influence, disposes of the six votes of which we stand in need. This man once gained, his satellites will follow, and the majority is sure. The faction must relinquish its see-saw system, and order will be re-established. The conversion of this man is of the utmost importance; the issue of the session depends upon it. One and only one person can effect this! You will readily guess Madam, that it is yourself. Succeed, and Monsieur de Chantevilliers will be a peer of France!"

The Countess, who had listened with profound attention, remained some time unable to reply.

"All the deputies of my acquaintance vote with government;" said she;—"how am I to attain an ascendancy over a man I never see?"

"By seeing him," replied the sly old man.

"But you have not mentioned the name of this important personage?"—replied the Countess, with assumed indifference.

Monsieur Sabathier glanced from the corner of his eye, at the door behind which Dauriac was concealed; then, fixing the would-be peeress, replied:—"It is one of your provincial friends, Madam; and his name is Groscassand de la Gironde!"

At that instant, the handle of the door rattled in the hand of Adolphe, and the Countess moved suddenly back.

"Monsieur Groscassand?" cried she laughing outright, while a slight blush pervaded her

cheek. "I really wonder you do not propose General Lafayette!"

"That might be more difficult!" said the old man smiling. "Still, if *you* will deign to be Armida, the hero of the two hemispheres, would scarcely be more cruel than Rinaldo."

Madame de Chantevilliers rose, and with a degree of somewhat mundane vanity for a person so immaculate, drew her cashmere round her waist, as if to exhibit the graceful outline of her queenly form.

"There is no being rational with you this morning!" said she, "your juvenile reminiscences almost make me repent my visit. What with your Armidas, and duchesses, you are determined to scandalise me; luckily for you, this is a day of mercy with me. Adieu, vexatious man!—Since you do not choose to let me be a peeress—you must take the consequences."

"On the contrary, I accept only my sincere regrets on the occasion," replied the official;

" but you are now aware that it depends upon *you* and not on *me*."

" Well, well!—after my ball, I will return to the charge, and if you do not then comply with my request, woe betide you."

While uttering these words, like the *quos ego* of Neptune, the Countess raised her lily white hand with a threatening gesture, which the gallant official instantly seized, and pressed it to his lips with youthful eagerness.

" Above all, do not forget my Wednesdays," said the Countess, in answer to the compliment.

Having escorted the ambitious lady to the limits of his official empire, Monsieur Sabatheir returned to his bureau, and found Dauriac installed before the fire place.

" Discreet youth, who listen at the doors! are you inclined to figure in a quadrille opposite your friend Groscassand, at the ball of the redoubtable Countess de Chantevilliers?" inquired he.

"Do you think she will invite him?" inquired Adolphe.

"This very day!"

"But he will not go!"

"He will!"

"And will you take me, then, to this ball?"

"Why not? you know I have *carte blanche*, in spite of the exclusive ideas of the Countess."

"In that case, I accept with gratitude. I have something more in view than a mere party of pleasure."

"You want to see the left side dancing before the Faubourg St. Germain, like David before the ark? Come here then on Wednesday at nine; and above all, remember, the silence of the grave, on all you have heard and seen in this privileged room." Monsieur Sabathier now dismissed his young friend; who left the hotel, meditating an act of retaliation, which had occurred to him during the interview between the chief clerk, and the unflinching high priestess of the School of Decorum.

CHAPTER V.

If it be true that vengeance is the pleasure of the gods, it becomes a still intenser feeling with man, in defence of the woman he loves; acting upon the heart, like the fiery shower upon the brain of the Indian savage. He who beholds the idol of his soul exposed to the slanders of society, would willingly crush the whole mass under foot; and for an ironical look or perfidious sneer, repeats within himself the sanguinary longing of Caligula! For in true love, there is a kind of latent ferocity. Unaccustomed to the habits of fashionable society, Dauriac was new to such provocations. Wounded in his dearest feel-

ings for the first time, his thirst for vengeance was so inordinate, that his resentment could ill endure delay in the chastisement he meditated. From his hiding place in the study of the man in office, Adolphe had not lost a word, or inflection of voice of the Countess de Chantevilliers.—From this pitiless scrutiny, he came to a conclusion, which an indifferent observer might have overlooked.

"I am pretty nearly sure," said he, on leaving the official residence, "that this diamond is mere paste. There are female Tartuffes, as well as male; and unless I am much mistaken, Decorum is with her a mask.—At heart, she is a woman like the rest; perhaps less than a woman. What an ass she made of poor old Sabathier. Unless I am much mistaken, she will fall, like other angels, through ambition!"

As he came to this conclusion, he found

himself before the column of the Place Vendome, where he had unknowingly arrived, when

> Ah, qu'on est fier d'etre Français.
> Quand on regarde la Colonne.

was roared into his ear, by a stentorian voice; and, on turning his head, he beheld Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde).

"I could have sworn you were in love, from your pre-occupied manner," cried the liberal deputy. "Two to one that I name what you are thinking of!"

"You would certainly lose!"

"Twelve years ago, I might have taken exception at your ecstasies in favour of the charming Countess. But now, the Portalis' amendment has more charm for me than all the bright eyes in the world. To prove to you how sick I am of such nonsense, I will give you a friendly intimation. Hasten to the boulevards, in the direction of the Opera."

"Why so?" replied Dauriac.

"You will meet the lady of your thoughts. I have just seen her in her carriage, apparently shopping. I did not bow to her; for in general, she does not condescend to notice me. But, strange to tell, on this occasion, she bowed first, leaning out of the window in the most marked manner. Yes, my dear fellow! the stately Countess de Chantevilliers acknowledged a serf like myself. Had I been a peer of France, I could not have been more courteously saluted. Twelve years ago, such a smile would have convulsed me. But I am off to the Chamber to annihilate the projected measure. The ministers will not be disposed to laugh this evening, I promise you.—Suppose you come with me."

"Thank you," said Dauriac, "I fear I am incapable just now of the attention your speech will, doubtless, deserve."

"I understand—I understand!" said the

deputy, good humouredly, "and leave you to your delicious meditations. But as you are in the clouds, beware of the carriages; for I was nearly crushed just now while ruminating my exordium."

The two friends separated, and the young man returned to his train of reflections.

"Why," thought he, "should I not be the instrument of my own act of justice? Who could serve me half so well? To achieve a conquest over that woman, would be a masterstroke!"

"Of what are you thinking, dear Adolphe?" inquired the young widow, with whom he passed the greater part of the two days preceding the ball of the Countess. "I am convinced you are concealing something from me; not very dreadful, however, for I never saw you gayer. I am sure you contemplate one of my interdicted surprises!"

"You did not prohibit the surprise I am

anticipating," said Adolphe, laughing. "But do not, at present, expect me to take you into my confidence."

On the Wednesday evening, about ten o'clock, Monsieur Sabathier, and his young friend, entered the drawing-room of Madame de Chantevilliers which an assemblage, more choice than numerous, already began to fill. The Countess received the old official with the most marked courtesy; and though in the greatest hurry, found time to address him some of those feminine flatteries usually dedicated to men of a certain influence. As to Dauriac, in return for the most elaborate of bows, he was acknowledged by a mere inclination of the head.

"She does not remember me!" thought he, biting his lips; for like most good-looking young men, he had thought it impossible that anybody should forget his face.

"And now," said Monsieur Sabathier, "let me present you to the master of the

house. I perceive him close to the door by which we entered. Let us go up to him."

The Count de Chantevilliers was an old man of hale appearance, whose face announced the grave and calm expression peculiar to magisterial life. Masking his absolute nullity by a reserve which, in the eyes of many, was mistaken for dignity, he spoke but little, so that his silence passed for profound reflection. In the Chamber, he was regarded as a jurisconsult; amongst his professional colleagues at Bordeaux, as a political authority. Before the revolution, Monsieur de Chantevilliers would willingly have exchanged his ancestral chateau against a garret in the palace of Versailles. In 1828, he embraced a parliamentary career, more for a position in society, than from ambition in public life. In a drawing-room, he was the first to do homage to any minister, or important personage; but with his inferiors, sometimes indeed with his equals, he took

his revenge. Were he walking with the latter, for instance, he would every now and then halt, so as to compel those who were with him to imitate him; then be the first to proceed again. This was an indirect manner of asserting his superiority; and was not the only statagem he resorted to for a similar purpose.

At the moment the ministerial deputy was returning the bows of Monsieur Sabathier and Dauriac, the pompously plebeian name of Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde), re-echoed in the salon of the aristocratic Countess de Chantevilliers.

"Groscassand? how comes he here?" muttered the president of the chamber, disagreeably surprised. "Can the Countess have sent him an invitation?—It must surely be a mistake."

"Not in the least," said Sabathier, smiling at Dauriac.

The liberal orator of Bordeaux paused at

the door of the salon, like a great actor who takes his time before he comes on, intending no doubt to allow the admiring crowd to satiate their eyes upon the illustrious man about to make his appearance. But for the last hour, there had been such a rush of celebrities of all kinds; ambassadors, marshals of France, peers, literary lions, noblemen of historical names, and women of fashion, that, with the exception of the group round the master of the house, nobody noticed the entrance of Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde); a name hugely small, in spite of the filched accessary of that of his department, an appropriation not unprecedented amongst his colleagues. Finding he had failed in the effect he intended to produce, the patriotic deputy contracted his lips, and pompously insinuated his right hand under the lappel of his coat, close buttoned up to his chin. In this senatorial attitude, he advanced towards the master of the house, who surveyed him in solemn silence, without ad-

vancing a step to receive him. However great the growing importance of his new colleague, the president of the royal court could see no other than the lawyer who, in his magisterial dignity, he was accustomed to behold below the bar in the courts of Bordeaux.

The two gentlemen exchanged most formal bows; for if Monsieur de Chantevilliers possessed the traditions of the ancient parliament, Monsieur Groscassand had also the punctilious susceptibility of his profession. Having observed the rules of courtesy towards the master of the house, the deputy of the left passed on, and stood opposite to Dauriac.

"What on earth are you doing here?" said he, taking him familiarly by the arm.

"The same as yourself," replied the young man, with a smile.

"I am just come from our club in the Rue Grange Batelière," said Groscassand; "and before I go to Laffitte's, came to pass an hour here. The house is pretty well; rather elegant

than otherwise. But talk to me of Laffitte's for splendour. Long live the bankers, say I. Before them, our aristocracy must lower their colours."

"To go from the Rue Grange Batelière to the rue d'Artois, therefore, you pass through the Faubourg St. Germain?" said Adolphe. "You have no mercy upon your horses!"

"Who cares for job horses!"

"And so you have succeeded in penetrating the temple of your inexorable divinity! But by what chance do I see you here? You did not tell me, the other day, you were invited."

"I was *not*, then," replied the deputy. "On returning from the Chamber, I found the invitation. Unceremonious enough, to invite one on the eve of the ball! It does not suit the grand-son of a ploughman, it does not suit *me*, I say, to be scurvily used by such diminutives as the Chantevilliers! But on recalling to mind the gracious smile of the Countess on

the Boulevart, my pride abated. The invitation proceeded from her, I am sure; for never would the president have been capable of a civility towards a lawyer! To be punctilious in etiquette, under such circumstances, would be absurd; and the will of woman being supreme, here I am.—Where is my beautiful tigress?"

"In the second drawing-room," replied Dauriac, who could not refrain from a smile at the cavalier manner with which the deputy of the opposition uttered his last words. 'Has ten to pay her your grateful respects."

CHAPTER VI.

Monsieur Groscassand treaded his way through the quadrilles which were forming, and thus cleared the road for his friend. After several efforts, they succeeded in penetrating the group which surrounded Madame de Chantevilliers. At the sight of her old admirer, who inclined himself low enough before her to expose his bare crown, the Countess interrupted a phrase she was addressing to an envoy from some northern power, to smile upon her newly arrived guest.

"Monsieur de Chantevilliers will be grateful for the honour you do us," said she; "as to myself, I hardly dared hope for such a compliment. You so rarely seek the society of your

provincial connections, that during the two months you have been in Paris, you have not even deigned to remember we belong to the same city!"

"I could scarcely conceive, Madam, that you were aware of it yourself!" replied the deputy, who never having been admitted into the circle of the Countess, even during their mutual residence in the country, was utterly confounded by this sudden outbreak of civility.

"I received letters from Bordeaux yesterday," resumed Madame de Chantevilliers, "and heard with pleasure that your sister had been happily confined of a little boy. She had only girls I fancy! It is a most important event for your family, and I take a lively interest in your satisfaction. Madame Lheritier is so amiable a person!"

"My sister?—my nephew?—my family?"—repeated the deputy, scarcely able to bow in requital of these compliments. "Is she laughing at me? She, who at a ball at the pre-

fecture at Bordeaux, changed her place that she might not contaminate herself, by sitting next to the daughter of a plebeian, like my poor sister?"

The arrival of an old duke with a powdered peruke and the order of the Holy Ghost, forced the Countess to suspend a conversation which seemed to be far from distasteful to her.

"I am always at home on Wednesdays," said she to the deputy, as he gave way to the venerable duke. "I am also at home on other days, when you can find time, from your more important occupations, to talk of Bordeaux."

The Countess did not terminate her phrase, but her looks were more expressive than words. In spite of his forty-five years, his grave profession, and graver politics, a triple armour generally proof against the pointed arrows of love, Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde) experienced an emotion carrying him back at least twelve years, in his life; and ex-

tricating himself from a crush of ambassadors, ministerial deputies, old knights of St. Louis, and fashionable dandies of the Faubourg St. Germain, withdrew pensively into the card-room.

"She wishes to talk with me about Bordeaux;" said he, luxuriating over a *sorbet* (for at forty-five, the tender passion has little taste for fasting); "what the deuce does she want? Her words must have some hidden meaning. She is not a woman who talks for the sake of talking. What a reception! What a smile! What a seductive voice! And then such kind allusions to my sister, to whom she never addressed a word! I expected to hear her inquire after my poodle, as Don Juan does of Monsieur Dimanche! What is the meaning of all this? Does she repent her former cruelty? At the end of twelve years, it is rather late! Still, in spite of those twelve years, I might perhaps be weak enough to love her. She is still so handsome, so distinguished,

so imperious, so contemptuous, and above all, of so strict a reputation, that it is a conquest of which a man of my eminence might be proud. The Countess de Chantevilliers!—How well it sounds!—Seated behind her at the Opera, more than one dandy of the day will envy me—to begin with little Dauriac!"

While the democratical deputy was dreaming of the honours of an aristocratic attachment, Adolphe ruminated, in the adjoining room, his projects of vengeance. Every minute's delay appeared an age.

"If I do not speak to her this evening," thought he, "when shall I find such another opportunity? But how to attract her notice in the midst of such a crowd? I must try something as novel as it is striking, to excite her attention and curiosity. Don Juan himself would be at fault in my position. In all conscience, I cannot ask her to dance! Were I, however, to venture, she would

of course refuse; but it would be a means of entering into conversation. Besides, a woman of that age, is never offended in being thought young. Perhaps, a quadrille is too juvenile. A waltz might be more to the purpose!"

Without further hesitation, Dauriac pushed through the crowd, and advancing towards the Countess who was giving instructions to her servant,

"May I hope, Madam, that you will allow me the honour of a waltz?" said he, trying to assume a prepossessing expression.

The high priestess of decorum, regarded him with a look that might have frozen a salamander.

"Sir," said she, in her sternest voice, "waltzing was never yet seen in the house of Monsieur de Chantevilliers.

"Dare I then solicit the honour of a country dance?" replied Adolphe, a little disconcerted by the rebuke.

"I never dance!" said the Countess, with

a glance that might have annihilated Amadis de Gaul.

Dauriac vainly ransacked his brain for some striking, fascinating trait, such as might influence in his favour the woman of his utter detestation. But he could find only the most common-place ideas, deteriorated by his confused manner and stammering voice.

"Are you then, Madam, the only person insensible to the pleasures of your charming fête," said he.

Madame de Chantevilliers stared at the man, whose audacious pretensions permitted him to enter into an unauthorized conversation with her; when lo! on throwing back her head, she recognised the admirer of Madame de Versan.

"Sir," said she, carefully articulating every syllable, "you are come hither, probably, in search of one you will not find. To whom am I indebted for the honour of your visit?"

"To Monsieur Sabathier, Madam," replied Adolphe, abruptly; for though the question

of the Countess was politely expressed, the tone in which it was uttered amounted almost to an expulsion.

Madame de Chantevilliers was embarrassed. The magical name of Monsieur Sabathier rendering her meditated expulsion impracticable. She retired from Dauriac, casting upon him a last look which might be interpreted thus—"Stay, since you are here—but presume not to return."

"Prude — arch hypocrite — disappointed peeress!"—thought Adolphe, in the embittered depths of his heart; and convinced that all around had witnessed his embarrassing interview, he would have vanished in the crowd, had not Monsieur Groscassand, radiant with vanity, impeded his way.

"Well, Dauriac! How are you getting on?" said the deputy. "You have spoken, it seems, to the inexorable tyrant? You must have been all eloquence, I am sure; for you are

yet flushed with the excitement of that happy moment."

"Revenge is a stronger excitement, than love," replied Adolphe, in a faltering voice.

"And upon whom are you about to wreak your vengeance?"—inquired the liberal, gently caressing his chin.

"On yonder hypocrite!" said the adorer of Adrienne;—"and it shall be a work to be applauded by all victims of her impertinence, —you above all."

"Allow me to settle my own affairs," replied Monsieur Groscassand; whose weasel eyes had just met those of the Countess, who seemed far from resentful at the admiration of the former martyr of her beauty.

The commencement of a quadrille now separated the friends; and Dauriac immediately afterwards met Monsieur Sabathier, who had just risen from the card-table.

"You are more rational than I am; for

though you do not dance, you are not foolish enough to lose your money," said he. "What have you done with Groscassand? I saw him just now, Spartan as he is, swallowing ices and compliments as glibly as I might do—I, the staunch adherent of absolutism."

"Groscassand is more in his element in the Chamber than in the ball-room," replied the young man, rightly construing the supercilious sneer of his honourable friend.

"Yonder, he is conversing with the Countess," exclaimed the official. "Observe, how he passes his finger through his hair, and the Mirabeau-like attitude he assumes! Good! The chord of sensibility vibrates! And what amenity of manner on the part of the Countess! What an ingenuous smile! She half closes her fine eyes. Mercy on us!—we shall have her fifteen years of age, if matters go on at this rate. Ay, ay! I see, the ministers will gain a white ball the more, before the end of the session."

"You have decided, then, that Monsieur Chantevilliers is to be a peer of France?" said Adolphe, in a tone of spite and irony—for the success of Monsieur Groscassand rendered his own defeat still more humiliating.

"That is quite another affair," observed Sabathier. "One conquest at a time."

The admirer of Madame de Versan quitted the ball of the haughty Countess, depressed and disappointed. In reflecting upon his ill success, it seemed to him more and more disagreeable to have it interpreted according to the malicious commentary of the old official. The admiration of Adolphe for Monsieur Groscassand was purely political. While bowing to the opinions of the liberal deputy upon questions of public interest, the young man considered himself his equal upon the floor of the drawing-room, or, in fact, in the art of pleasing, thoroughly his master. To imagine that a provincial advocate

could succeed where he had failed, was in his eyes too ludicrous. It was not possible a woman could possess so vile a taste, or be so debased by the sordid interests of ambition, as to tolerate, at the hands of a fat legal practitioner, the attentions that seemed an outrage on the part of one of the most elegant young men in Paris.

"All this has not common sense," said Dauriac, having reviewed the events of the evening. "They are both dupes. Monsieur Sabathier, whose scepticism refuses to admit that a woman can be virtuous for virtue's sake;—Groscassand, with his gascon conceit, supposing that, with his age and appearance, he can play the gallant! The strongest characters are often blemished by such weakness; and the forensic graces he displayed this evening will not detract from his political worth, or senatorial eloquence. But he is much deceived if he attaches any importance to the reception he met. The Countess is

ambitious, would fain be a peeress, and would feel no scruple in availing herself of the political influence of Groscassand, were he silly enough to be ensnared. But let him beware. The frigidity of the North Pole is written in her face ; and a man might as well try to climb the heights of Chimborazo, as seek to subdue this icy votary of decorum."

Difficulties apparently insurmountable, serve only to stimulate dauntless spirits. After comparing Madame de Chantevilliers with that far-famed mountain, the first idea of Dauriac, was that of Monsieur de Saussure scaling Mont Blanc. From this involuntary comparison, he decided, like a famous French general, that the word " impossible," had no existence in the French language; and resolved not to relinquish the contest merely because he had failed in a skirmish.

On the third day after the ball, he presented himself at the Countess's, having screwed

up his courage to the necessary point. On getting out of his cabriolet, he cast his eye upon the suite of rooms in which he had been thought an intruder some days before. Behind one of the windows, he caught a glimpse of the Countess; who, on hearing the noise of wheels, had lifted up the muslin curtain to look into the court of the hotel. Adolphe flew up the stairs, like a soldier to the deadly breach.

"The Countess is out," said the servant to whom he gave his name.

"I have this instant seen her," said Dauriac determined to gain his point.

"It is possible, Sir;—but she is not at home," said the well-bred lacquey.

"Be so good as to announce me."

"I have already explained, Sir, that the Countess is not at home," replied the knight of the *aiguillette*, with still firmer assurance.

Adolphe felt induced to try the effect of his

cane upon the shoulders of the varlet, who was precisely the fellow he had seen at Madame de Versan's. But on reflecting upon the absurdity of a personal conflict, he suppressed his anger and retired.

As he was about to get into his cabriolet, he perceived, at the entrance of the hotel, Groscassand jumping out of a hackney coach, to which the porter had refused admision into the court.

On perceiving the lengthened and disappointed face of his young friend, he advanced towards him in the manner of a keeper who detects a poacher.

"You are out early this morning!" said the deputy, in his brazen voice.—"Only two o'clock, and want an audience already?"

"There is no audience to-day," replied Adolphe. "The Countess is out."

"Out?" repeated the deputy. "Well, I will at least leave my card. I have sent

away my coach, so pray drop me at the Chamber."

"The more willingly, that the debate began an hour ago, and your absence might prejudice the issue of the discussion."

Without noticing the sarcasm contained in these words, the deputy of the opposition ascended the staircase. Adolphe then heard the ring at the bell, and re-shutting of the door; but after waiting in vain for two minutes, nobody came down.

"She receives *him* and shuts the door against *me!*" said he, sinking back into the cabriolet. "Very agreeable, truly! Well, so much the better! He is working in my cause, without being aware of it—my man of business, and without fees!—Let him flutter round this torch of virtue, and singe his wings. On the whole it suits me better; for Adrienne would have disapproved my project of conquest."

Adolphe now began to shape his plans of vengeance, on a new footing; and hastened to the feet of his beloved Adrienne, where a happy hour of mutual confidence soon obliterated the impertinences of the hateful Countess.

CHAPTER VII.

After the grand event of the ball of Madame de Chantevilliers, Monsieur Groscassand experienced, in his heart, the vibration of a chord long mute. His admiration of the haughty Countess revived, from the moment he found himself again distinguished by her notice. Gifted with a remarkable knowledge of jurisprudence, and great oratorical eloquence, Monsieur Groscassand ranked these two advantages far below those of his personal attractions. Above all, he considered himself a man of excessive refinement, peculiarly acceptable to women, and born to figure in fashionable society. This was, in fact, his foot of clay; as devotion

to worldly opinion was that of the Countess. The triumphs of the bar had lost their charm; his success in the Chamber was too recent to satisfy his pride. The vanity of the Gascon aspired to more than mere parliamentary trophies, and he still dreamt of a climax, or at least, a series of triumphs. After devoting his mornings to his country, Monsieur Groscassand would have been enchanted, as a grateful and legitimate reward for his efforts, in the opportunity of deposing his forensic laurels at the feet of some woman of fashion. The democratical deputy, deeply conscious of his plebeian extraction, held dearly to the baubles he affected to despise—such as titles of nobility, and distinction of caste. The ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain exercised a strong influence over his imagination; and the esteem which began at a baroness, rose in proportionate respect for a duchess.

The manœuvres of Madame de Chantevil-

liers happened to fill up a vacum in the heart of the democrat, but he still looked forward to the more irresistible attractions of some charmer, boasting her sixteen quarterings.

Reminiscences of the past, rekindled the dying embers of his affections. Love, like the Phœnix, is not born again, but bequeaths to its ashes some latent sparks; which, in the heart of the deputy, blazed anew when fanned by the vivifying breeze of gratified vanity. To borrow a metaphor from the charta of Louis XVIII, the opposition member resolved to "relink the broken chain of time," and flattered himself that he should cull at Paris, the grapes which at Bordeaux he had pronounced too sour.

Before he presented himself to the Countess, Groscassand had made a short but interested appearance at the Chamber. Perceiving his colleague of the centre in his usual seat, listening half asleep to the prosy speaker at the tribune, he slipped away, in spite of the ad-

monition of Lafayette, who would fain have detained him, the debate being important; then, stepped into a hackney coach, and proceeded to the hotel of the Countess.

The prohibition exercised upon Dauriac was not enforced upon the liberal deputy, who remarked this with satisfaction in following the lacquey who, hearing the patronymic of Groscassand, majestically articulated by its proprietor, instantly directed his steps towards the Countess's apartment.

Madame de Chantevilliers rose upon seeing the visitor she probably expected. But his triumphant bow, as well as the easy assurance with which he threw himself into an arm-chair, caused her a momentary mortification that made her almost repent her ambition. The would-be peeress felt that the ermine of her mantle might be somewhat soiled, if derived from the hands of this presumptuous plebeian.

"I would not accept a throne at such a

price!" thought she, seating herself as solemnly upon her chair as if it really had been a throne.

In spite of his conceit, the deputy saw that he must not proceed rashly; for though deficient in good breeding, he was not wanting in tact. He accordingly assumed the utmost decorum of reserve, tempered by the most obsequious devotion; till, by degrees, the confidence of the startled prude was thoroughly restored.

By dexterous recurrences to old times, by approaching word by word, step by step, the original position he had occupied twelve years before at her feet, he contrived to soften the hard heart of the haughty intrigante.

"It appears then," said she, after an hour spent in mutual retrospections, "it appears that you have always retained for me some degree of regard?"

"Some degree?" reiterated Groscassand with the air of a Werter. "Alas, Madam, not

a day of my life in which I do not bring before my mind's eye, the house where you used to reside; and under the window of which I used to expend hours, hoping for a glimpse of the object of my adoration!"

"What folly—what madness!"—faltered the Countess, intently watching him.

"The austerity of your principles, forbad all hope of a nearer approach," said the deputy.

"The fate of women is, indeed, deplorable," observed the Countess. "If they respond to the voice of their heart, they are utterly condemned; yet when they resist their inclinations, far from exciting compassion, they are reproached with — cruelty — ingratitude, hardness of heart!"

As she uttered this fine sentiment, the Countess raised her eyes to the ceiling, then softly lowering them towards the deputy, contemplated him with the tender look of one who is the victim of her own virtues. Con-

ceiving that the democratical member had swallowed the bait held out, like a skilful angler, she gently felt the line before she pulled him out of the water.

"You reproach me with severity," said she. "But how could I have acted otherwise? With your fervent imagination, the merest encouragement on my part, might have been followed by the most irreparable consequences. Is it my fault if your passion refused to understand my position?—Could I have controlled your feelings, and infused into your excited brain an atom of my own reason, I might, perhaps, have relaxed the vigilant austerity of which your conduct was the only cause. Sometimes—I must tell you all, it is now twelve years ago, and my confessions are devoid of danger—sometimes, in thinking of you, I used to deplore the cruel fate which placed us in such different spheres; inwardly regretting that I could not receive you as I do to-day, and make you my friend. When I

heard of your triumphs at the bar, in which, pardon the presumption, I thought I had a certain influence, I felt that in your triumphant moments, you inwardly exclaimed, 'she will hear of this!' No one has followed, with deeper interest, though indifferent in appearance, the progress of your public career. On the day of your election at Bordeaux, I could scarcely refrain from illuminating. Though my adverse opinions reminded me that I was a royalist, and you a democrat, I was happy in spite of myself. For that day did you justice, by placing you in the position to which you were so well entitled! Yes! it was a moment of triumph for me!"

Had Monsieur Groscassand's moral nature resembled that of the frog in the fable, he must have burst before the end of this discourse; puffed up as he was with its flatteries and inebriating incense. Such were his ecstacies of delight, that instead of replying, he sat with his neck extended, his mouth half

open, his face all radiant, as much as to say: *Encore,—encore!* The Countess now gradually but skilfully approached the object she had in view, and assumed the initiative.

"I deserve to be reproved," said she, "for revelling in the success of one of our enemies. I see you have undertaken the task."

"I, Madam?" cried the deputy, awaking from his ecstacy on hearing this reproach.

"You! Formerly, I beheld in you, a man whose talents placed his destiny in Paris, in the focus of affairs—whose fame would do honour to his province.—But now, I am forced to acknowledge a dangerous and powerful adversary of the government to which I am devoted; the adherent to principles, which I cannot approve; in fact, the champion of a hostile cause. Every step of your career, increases the distance between us. I ought not, perhaps, to confess this source of keen disappointment; but the purity of my intentions justifies my frankness.

"I take in the *Constitutionnel*, that I may have your speeches properly reported, and can scarcely impress upon you the source of regret they have been to me, to see a noble mind so ill-directed, such supreme reason reduced to descend to sophisms, in a word, such a deplorable abuse of the rarest faculties, that in perusing your speeches I cannot resist a feeling of vexation bordering upon frenzy. So admirable a talent perverted, enslaved, contaminated by the cause to which it has sacrificed itself, afflicts me beyond the power of description. In reading your orations, I always fancy I see an eagle enveloped by a serpent, instead of outspreading its wings, as bearer of the thunder of the gods. Tell me, oh! tell me! will you ever cast off the serpent, and seize the thunder bolt in your talons?" The Countess paused, that she might not weaken the effect of her eloquence.

"Such praises, Madam, turn my brain!" replied the lawyer, who, for once, spoke the

truth. "But allow me to question the justice of your reproach. Though my opinions may displease you, I hold to them, for they are conscientious and honourable."

"You are sincere, at all events; which makes me hope that there is still a remedy for the evil. With hearts like yours there is always a resource. If what I have often dreamt were not a chimera, if it were possible to prove to you the falsehood and perverseness of your present notions, and wed you to the eternal principles of order, law, and justice, I would not yield the glory of such an enterprize, for the conquest of a throne! To effect your conversion, to assure the cause of royalty the support of your abilities, I would give—but hold, we will dwell no more on the subject, which I find overpowers me! Do you know you have been here these two hours?"

She looked at the clock, as if in regret at the rapidity of time. The interview had reached

exactly the point she wished to gain, and she thought it impolitic to prolong it. To halt at the exact moment, is a talent possessed by most women. The first bolt was shot, though gently; as the Countess preferred it should insinuate itself, unfelt, aware that there is no armour proof against flattery.

On his return home the ambitious democrat paced to and fro in his room, rubbing his hands, his usual way of evincing a feeling of gratification in his paroxysm of vanity. The roses figuring in the carpet on which he trod, seemed emblematical of those he should soon entwine with those of his parliamentary wreath. After an hour of this vehement exercise, during which his imagination soared high in air, carrying aloft the torch of Love instead of the thunder of Jupiter alluded to by the Countess, he stood before the pier glass some time in profound contemplation of his own person.

"Let us be just!" said he pushing back his frizzly hair, so as to bare his forehead; these

women of quality really possess great refinement of instinct. They judge men dispassionately and can appreciate their qualities. Now that I know the seductive Countess, her conduct of former years does not surprise me. She is rich, well born, handsome; what more natural than that, possessing such advantages and having so much to concede, she should value herself accordingly? What was I twelve years ago, that I should aspire to such a conquest? An insignificant lawyer!" continued the deputy, (who like most men that succeed, held cheap his antecedents) "having neither consistency nor reputation. Can I be surprised, then, that a woman of rank should have preferred the jewel of her fair fame to all the love I had to offer. Now, the case is different!" said he, with a smile of self-satisfaction. "My wings are grown. I have a name, a position, renown. Yesterday, at the Opera, I heard whispered on all sides around me, 'that is Groscassand (de la Gironde)!' though su-

perior to such petty triumphs of pride, they have their price with women.—It is evident that, in the eyes of Madame de Chantevilliers, I am become colossal. She reads my speeches! Who would have thought it? A Countess of the noble Faubourg who, for my sake, takes in the Constitutionnel! The great orator possesses in her eyes a value unattainable by an obscure barrister! My triumphs occupy her mind; and from thence to the heart, the road is short.—And so she wants to convert me?—Convert ME!—Divided as we are, she must raise a bridge between us of no mean extent. Lafayette would be amused, I suspect, if he heard I had become ministerial for the sake of the wife of a thick-headed president. Were she not so charming a woman, —a woman of such unblemished reputation— the idea would be too preposterous!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The friendship thus adroitly brought about between the monarchical Countess and the patriotic deputy, assumed such a specious appearance, that Monsieur de Chantevilliers could not object to it. Such was the immaculate reputation of his wife, that though the pride of the stately president winced at seeing his house polluted by the presence of him he so disdainfully called "Master Groscassand," as deputy of the centre, he could not refuse lending himself to a project essential to his patrons; which, if successful, would ultimately open the doors of the Luxembourg to himself. Besides, the judicious lawyer usually selected the moment of the president's presence in the Cham-

ber, for his visits to the Countess. Monsieur de Chantevilliers, in order to ingratiate himself with the ministers, was most assiduous in his duties at the Chamber. In the intricate arguments which took place betwixt the incorruptible politician, and immaculate Countess, Madame de Chantevilliers, avoiding all sentimental reminiscences, dwelt only upon his forensic triumphs; and read the Constitutionnel enough to interest herself in the leading topics of the day. But the liberal member, sick of the eternal dose of politics in the Chamber, ended by growing weary of a controversy which, far from gaining his point, evidently caused him to diverge from it.

"What on earth does she mean," thought he, after an argument in which he found his liberalism driven from pillar to post. "Does she expect to persuade me to adopt the colours of her husband? She ought, at least, to insinuate upon what terms! For were I treacherous enough to capitulate with my conscience, I

should not be ass enough to do it gratuitously. At the first attack, I will make some unimportant concession, but stipulate the terms; and we will see if she still persist in her project of conversion!"

Some days later, in consequence of a question of importance upon which Monsieur Groscassand was to speak, the Countess wished to put her imaginary ascendancy to the test. She therefore solicited her admirer to relinquish his project, without even accounting for his silence. The deputy resisted, argued, invoked his sense of duty; but after urgent prayers, yielded, obeying his preconceived determination, rather than the instances of a haughty woman's ambition.

"You see I can refuse you nothing!" said he, taking her hand. "But when is my submission to terminate the endless torments of this martyrdom?"

On finding her fingers imprisoned in the coarse beaver glove of the opposition member,

the face of the Countess evinced the most repugnant disgust. Fain would she have withdrawn them; but she was not quick enough to avoid the liberal's lips; which, though only imprinted on the tips of her nails, produced a deep blush, of which pride was the only origin.

Visions of the blue mantle trimmed with ermine, which flitted like a cloud of glory before the eyes of the president, checked the words of contempt hovering at that moment upon her lips; and she smiled, so as to make him think she confirmed the favour in which she had been thus taken by surprise.

The Countess resembled the victims of prodigality who sign promissory notes without ever thinking of the day of payment!

One morning, after leaving the Countess, with whom the deputy had had a most interesting interview, he met in the rue Taranne, Dauriac, whom he had not seen for some days, and who was just come from Madame

de Versan. The Gascon accosted his young friend in the presumptuous tone with which the victorious in love treat their less successful rivals.

"Well, Dauriac!" said he, "how goes sentiment?—Still in love with the insensible Countess de Chantevilliers?"

"I never was!"—replied Adolphe.

"You are growing discreet, I see;—a proof of your success."

"A fact of which you are at this moment an illustration!" replied Dauriac. "I am perfectly aware of your assiduities to Madame de Chantevilliers."

"Is our friendship, then, talked of in the world?" inquired the deputy, with an air of self-sufficiency.—"And what is said of us?"

"They say," replied Dauriac, wishing to feel his way, "that your success in Paris is much the same as at Bordeaux."

"They say that, do they?—Perhaps they are right! The Countess is invincible, eh? I always told you so. Indeed, no one knows it better than yourself."

"I give you my word I never was in love with her," replied Adolphe, who, in trying to win his confidence, wished above all to undeceive the deputy in the idea of his being a rival.

"Are you serious?"—inquired Groscassand.

"I swear to you that your surmises are quite erroneous. When I asked your information concerning her, it was in the interest of a third person."

"So much the better—so much the better!" cried Groscassand, whose thoughts were evidently pre-occupied. "By the way, my dear Dauriac," resumed he, "I am on the look out for an apartment somewhat more commodious than my own. My visitors in-

crease so rapidly, that I want a larger and more decent drawing-room. So short a time is to elapse before the close of the session, that I am unwilling to engage a house for three weeks. Have you any objection to let me the pretty little suite in the Rue Gaillon which you informed me you should have no occasion to occupy till the autumn?—It would render me an essential sevice—a very essential service!"

Something peculiar in the air of the deputy, as he made his request, suspended on the lips of Dauriac the apologies he was about to utter.

"I will not *let* my rooms," said he; "but if it will be of any use to you, you are welcome to occupy them for the next month. They are quite complete. You may enter into possession of them when you think proper."

Having duly acknowledged this friendly service, Groscassand proceeded with his

young friend to examine the apartments, and the key was placed in his possession.

"You will excuse my keeping the duplicate key," observed Dauriac. "But the cabinet, at the end of the corridor, contains my family papers."

CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen days after this arrangement, Dauriac, who still retained his bachelor habits, was breakfasting in a café of the Palais Royal, when lo ! a flaring article in the *Courrier Français* announced no less an event than the defection of Monsieur Groscassand (de la Gironde). The journalist, of course, cried *raca* against the deputy; and the various opposition journals imitated the anathema.

Adolphe, amazed beyond measure, left his breakfast unfinished, and mechanically ascended the Rue St. Honoré, with the demeanour of a man who has been bitterly duped.

In the midst of these painful reflections, he arrived before the church of St. Roch

and met Monsieur Sabathier, crossing the street, with a portfolio under his arm.

"Are you going to confession?" inquired the official, on seeing the moody countenance of Dauriac. "You look as serious as one of the penitential psalms!"

"Have you read the *Courrier Français?*" inquired the young man.

"Ah, ah! you are in mourning, then, for the patriotism of your friend Groscassand. Did I not predict his conversion?"

"Is it true, then?"

"Nothing can be more so. Yesterday he took his seat with the centre, and has attempted to bring over others. Do you still refuse your place?"

"I would fain retire from the world!" cried the astonished liberal. "Intercourse with mankind withers all the nobler feelings of the heart!"

"Do as I do," said the old official, with the sardonic smile of a professed misanthrope.

"Go and feed the ducks and fowls at the Jardin des Plantes—there is less chance of deceit with such creatures. To be sure, one often imagines them fat and tender, and they prove thin and uneatable.—Such is human life, my poor Dauriac! but one must make the best of it."

At that moment, the horses of a handsome equipage before the church, attracted the attention of the passers by, especially that of Sabathier.

"Strange enough! The carriage of Madame de Chantevilliers standing here, and I just saw her leaving the church by the little door in the other street, going towards the Rue Gaillon."

"Madame de Chantevilliers?" said Adolphe, somewhat startled.

"Herself! Perhaps Monsieur Groscassand lives in this neighbourhood?"

"He used to reside near the Chamber of Deputies," said the young man, suppressing the most vehement desire to divulge all he knew.

On leaving the old man, Adolphe ran rather than walked, towards the Rue Gaillon. He proceeded up the back stairs, of which he had retained the key, and entered unobserved.

On throwing open the drawing-room door, as if for the usual purport of a visit, the first object that struck him was Madame la Comtesse de Chantevilliers, seated on the divan, with the renegade deputy on his knees at her feet!

"A thousand pardons for the intrusion, my dear Groscassand," said he, with a smile. "When I told you that I retained a key of my apartment for access to my family papers, you did not forewarn me that you were in the habit of receiving such interesting visitors."

Both the deputy and his noble Dulcinea were already on their feet, each darting furious glances at the intruder.

"Monsieur de Groscassand could scarcely apprize you of my unpremeditated visit," said the decorous Countess, only a moment thrown off her guard. "You are perhaps unaware

that, as *Dame de Charité* of the parish, I am under the necessity of soliciting subscriptions for the poor committed to my charge."

And as she spoke, a splendid *aumonière* was extended towards him by the noble *quéteuse !*

"Had you delayed your visit a month longer Madam," said Dauriac, amazed at her unequalled coolness; "you might have addressed your application to my wife, as well as to myself. This apartment is mine; and Madame de Versan, the lady who, for a slight breach of decorum, you so rudely excluded from your ball, is about to become my wife. *She* is not a *dame de charité* of the parish; *She* has no splendid equipage to leave standing before the Church of St. Roch; nor is she able to render services to the ministry, such as they may judge expedient to reward with the honours of the Peerage.—But she is a virtuous woman, and will make a good and happy wife."

Madame de Chantevilliers was about to make a furious reply. But Groscassand, who

saw that it was raining torrents, and that the interview was likely to be prolonged, attempted to turn off the matter as a jest.

"The carriage of Madame la Comtesse is waiting in the Rue St. Honoré," was the energetic reply of Dauriac. "I was not aware to what species of visits my apartments were about to be subjected. Pardon me if I resume possession of a house, which I am desirous should be sacred to decency and virtue. My wife and myself, at least, are not of a sufficient rank in society to be satisfied with the superficial honours of DECORUM!"

THE RED HOUSE.

THE RED HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

Towards the end of the reign of the Emperor Paul, and about the middle of the first year of the nineteenth century, four of the afternoon had struck at the church of St. Peter and Paul, whose gilded steeple shoots up over the fortress; when a considerable crowd was assembling before the residence of the General Count Tchermayloff, formerly military commandant of an important town situated in the government of Pultawa.

The attraction of the crowd was arrested by the preparations making in the centre of the court-yard for the infliction of the punishment

of the knout; to which a slave of the General, officiating as family-barber, had been sentenced. Though such a scene be of frequent occurrence at St. Petersburg, it is sure, at all times, to attract a crowd before the house at which it takes place; and such was the case in the instance in question.

The spectators had not long to wait; for towards half-past four, a young man of four and twenty, dressed in the elegant uniform of the staff, his chest glittering with orders, appeared upon the steps at the further end of the court, facing the principal entrance to the apartments of the General. Pausing an instant, he raised his eyes towards a window whose curtains, hermetically closed, did not respond to his curiosity; when perceiving the inutility of indulging further hope, he made a sign to a man wearing a long beard, who was standing near the servants' offices; and immediately a door opened, and there came forth numerous dependents, in the midst of whom was the

culprit about to submit to his sentence, followed by the executioner.

As we have already stated, the criminal was the General's barber; and the executioner, simply the coachman, promoted to his awful functions from his dexterity in handling the whip, which neither diminished the esteem nor friendship of his fellow servants, being well persuaded that the arm and not the heart of Ivan was engaged in the business; and as his arm as well as the rest of his body was the exclusive property of the General, it was not astonishing to find it devoted to such a purpose.—In fact, the corrections, administered by Ivan were preferred to any other, as being more lenient. For he often contrived to filch a stroke or two out of the dozen; unless compelled by those standing by, to be more strict in his reckoning. He even contrived that the extremities of the thongs should reach only the plank, to which the culprit was confined; so that when Ivan himself was doomed

to receive, on his own account, the correction he so frequently administered to others, the officiating executor spared him the galling stripes he had so often spared to *them*. Such mutual forbearance served to sustain the best understanding between Ivan and his comrades, which was never more friendly than at the period of an approaching punishment. It is true that the pain of the first hour would sometimes render the knoutee unjust to the knouter, but all rancorous feeling subsided at the first glass of schnaps quaffed by the executioner to the health of his patient.

The culprit in this instance, was a man of thirty five or six, with red hair and beard, of goodly stature, in whose face one discovered his Greek descent; which, though expressing temerity, had retained the usual character of cunning.

Arrived at the scene of execution, the culprit paused and looked up at the window, to which the eyes of the young officer had already been

directed; then surveying the assembled mass, he staggered as he contemplated the plank upon which he was to submit to his agony. This thrill did not escape the observation of his friend Ivan, who baring his shoulders, said to him, in an under voice, "Courage! Gregory, courage."

"Remember what you promised me!" replied the culprit, with an accent of intense supplication.

"Good, Gregory! But you must not count upon the first lashes, for the aide-de-camp will look on. Towards the end, you shall have reason to thank me."

"Above all, mind the points of the thongs."

"I'll do my best, Gregory!—Trust me!—Do you not know me?"

"Alas! only too well!" replied the culprit.

"What means this delay?"—exclaimed the aide-de-camp.

"I am ready, your Excellency!" replied Ivan.

"A moment, I entreat your high born grace!" cried the culprit; giving the title of *Vache Vausso Korodie*, to flatter the young officer. "I think I see the window of Mademoiselle Vaninka opening."

The aide-de-camp instantly looked towards the window, before alluded to. But not a fold of the curtains was seen to move.

"You deceive yourself!" said the officer, disappointed also in seeing no one at the window; "besides, what has your noble lady to do with this?"

"Pardon me, your Excellency," replied Gregory, "but as it is on her account I am punished—I thought, perhaps, she might take pity on a poor servant."

"Enough!" said the Captain, disappointed by the non-appearance of Vaninka.—"We must begin."

" Directly, Excellence!" replied Ivan; then, turning round to Gregory. " Now, comrade," said he, " prepare!"

Gregory heaved a deep sigh, looked once and again towards the window; when seeing no signs of hope, he laid himself down on the fatal plank. At the same moment two other serfs, selected by Ivan, laid hold of his arms and stretched and strapped them to two opposite posts, so that he lay in a cross like fashion; then, confining his neck in a pillory, and seeing that no one still appeared at the window, the young officer raised his hand, saying—

" Proceed!"

" One moment more, Excellence!" replied Ivan, still temporising, in the vain hope of some sign from the window. " I must undo a knot in the thong, or Gregory will have a right to complain."

The instrument of torture, probably unknown to the reader, is a kind of a whip, of which

the handle is about two feet long, to which is attached a flat leather thong two fingers broad, four feet long, and terminating in a metal ring; from which is prolonged another strap two feet long, and an inch and a half wide, but gradually lessening into a point; which, steeped in milk and afterwards exposed to the sun, becomes as hard and sharp as a penknife. Moreover, the thong is changed at every sixth stroke, lest the blood should soften the leather.

However disinclined for his task, Ivan could no longer delay, for the spectators began to murmur; which, rousing the young officer from his reverie, he gave one more look at the window, and seeing no hope of mercy, turned towards the coachman, and in an imperious voice gave orders for the execution. Unable longer to hesitate, Ivan obeyed; nor did he seek any other pretext for delay. Retiring two steps, the better to strike, and raising himself on the points of his feet,

he flourished the knout over his head, then, suddenly letting it fall upon Gregory's back, managed so dexterously, that the lash whipped itself thrice round the body of the culprit, like the coil of a serpent, while the hardened point struck beneath the plank. Nevertheless, Gregory shrieked aloud, while Ivan, in a loud voice, counted "ONE!"

At this shriek, the young officer again turned towards the window, but in vain. He then mechanically fixed his eyes upon the culprit repeating the word, "one!" The knout had traced three bluish lines upon the shoulders of Gregory.

Ivan again lifted his arm, and with the same dexterity, coiled the thongs three times round the culprit's body, so that he escaped the galling points. Gregory shrieked again, and Ivan counted—

"Two!"

At this stroke, the blood rose to the skin. At the third, it began to trickle; and, at the

fourth it spouted forth, and flew in the face of the young officer; who retiring, wiped his face. Ivan took advantage of this circumstance to count seven, instead of six, which manœuvre escaped the officer's vigilance.

At the ninth stroke, Ivan changed his knout; trusting that he might again, by some fresh subterfuge, spare the suffering culprit, and on resuming, counted eleven, instead of ten. At that instant, a window opposite that of Vaninka opened, and a man of about forty-eight, dressed in a General's uniform, appeared, and with a voice of authority, called out—

"Enough, enough!"—and instantly closed the window.

Upon seeing the General, the young officer carried his hand to his hat, and stood fixed and motionless. But no sooner was the window closed, than he repeated the words of his chief, so that the upraised knout fell without touching the culprit.

"Thank his Excellence, Gregory," said Ivan, folding the thong round his arm, "for he spares you two cuts, which, with my fashion of reckoning, makes four, so that you have received eight instead of twelve. This way, comrades, and release him!"

Poor Gregory was not in a state to thank any one; writhing with pain, he could scarcely support himself. Two mougiks took him by the arms, and followed by Ivan, proceeded to the hospital. Arrived at the entrance, he paused, and perceiving the eyes of the young officer looking piteously upon him.

"Monsieur Fœdor," said he, "thank his High Excellence, the General, for me. As to Mademoiselle Vaninka," said he, in an under voice, "I will find means to thank her myself!"

"What are you muttering?" angrily inquired the young officer, thinking he uttered words of revenge.

"Nothing, noble Sir—nothing!" said Ivan.

"The poor fellow is thanking you, Monsieur Fœdor, for honoring his punishment with your presence. That is all."

"Good!" replied the young man, still suspecting that Ivan had changed the original text. Unwilling, however, to know more, he merely observed—

"If Gregory do not wish this to be repeated, let him drink less—or when drunk; be a little more respectful."

Ivan bowed profoundly, and followed his companions. Fœdor entered the hall, and the crowd withdrew, as little satisfied at the want of probity in Ivan, as with the humanity of the General, who had deprived their eyes of one third of the infliction.

Now that we have presented to the reader some few of the personages of this history, we must make him better acquainted with those who have but briefly appeared, or who are still behind the curtain.

General Count Tchermayloff, (who, after

having been governor of one of the important towns of the Pultawa, was recalled to St. Petersburg by Paul I. who honoured him with unusual esteem,) was a widower, possessing an only daughter, who had inherited the beauty, fortune, and pride of her mother; pretending to descend from one of those Tâtar captains, who, under the orders of Ghengis Khan, invaded Russia, in the thirteenth century. Fate willed that these aristocratical pretensions should be further exaggerated by the education given to Vaninka, by her father. Unable alone to watch over his daughter, General Tchermayloff had selected an English governess; who, instead of chiding the haughty bearing of her pupil, had given it a greater development, by fortifying her innate aristocracy with the deep-rooted principles that render the English nobility the most overbearing in the world.

Among the various studies to which Vaninka devoted herself, there was one which com-

manded her especial attention; the science of her position, if we may so term it. She was well versed in the degrees of nobility, and precedence of the different families of the Empire and could, without erring, give to each the titles due to them; a task somewhat difficult to accomplish in Russia. She indeed was perfectly ignorant of every thing under the rank of an Excellence. As to serfs and slaves, for her they had no existence;—mere animals with beards, ranking in her estimation, with dogs and horses, whose lives she would not have, for an instant, balanced against those interesting animals.

Nevertheless, like most of her countrywomen, she was an accomplished woman. Her features were in perfect harmony with her character:—she was handsome, but of a harsh order of beauty. Her piercing eyes, straight nose, disdainful lips, made an unfavourable impression upon those who first approached her, which vanished with her equals or superiors; among

whom she became a woman, like any other, while to her inferiors, she remained unapproachable as a divinity.

At seventeen, the education of Vaninka was terminated; and her governess, disliking the rude climate of St. Petersburg, retired from her functions. Vaninka was now alone, having no other control than the blind love of her father, of whom she was the only child; and who, in his wild enthusiasm, looked upon her as the acme of human perfection.

Matters stood thus in the family of the general, when he received a letter from a friend of his early youth, written upon his death bed. Banished to his estates in consequence of some differences with Potemkin, Count Romayloff was checked in his career; and unable to reinstate himself in court favour, pined away his existence at a distance of four hundred leagues from St. Petersburg, less on account of his exile, than that it had annihilated the prospects and fortune of his beloved and only son, Fœdor.

The Count, on finding that he was about to leave him alone and unsupported in the world, interceded in the name of their former intimacy with the General; desiring, through his influence with Paul I, to procure him a commission in the army. The General replied, that the son of his friend should find in him a second father. But when these joyful tidings arrived, the Count was no more.

Fœdor, who received the letter, hastened to announce to the General the loss he had sustained, and claim the promised protection. But the General, however eager his protégé, had anticipated his expectations; having already obtained from the Emperor a lieutenancy in the regiment of Semonofskoi, so that Fœdor found himself embarked in his new career on the very day of his arrival.

Though the young officer did but pass through the General's house on his road to the barracks of the Litenoï, he tarried long enough to see Vaninka; who produced a profound im-

pression on his feelings. The heart of Fœdor, teeming with generous passions, already conceived a deep debt of gratitude for the prompt execution of his patron's promises. All about him commanded his acknowledgments. The very beauty of the person presented to him as his sister, acquired new charms, though, notwithstanding that endearing title, she received him with the reserve and haughtiness of a queen. Nevertheless, in the face of that chilling pride, the young officer's heart was profoundly impressed; and his arrival at St. Petersburg was signalized by the dawn of feelings as dear as new to his soul.

As to Vaninka, she scarcely remarked Fœdor. What interest could a young officer without fortune or position obtain in her sight? Her ambition was an alliance with one of the princely houses of Russia; and nothing short of realizing a tale of the Arabian Nights, could enable Fœdor to achieve such a position!

Some days after the first interview, Fœdor

came to take leave of the General, his regiment forming part of the expedition to Italy, under field Marshal Suwarrow; and he was about to stake his life, to render himself worthy of his noble protector.

Whether his elegant uniform enhanced the manly beauty of Fœdor, or whether at the moment of departure a ray of exaltation and hope shed a halo of poetical enthusiasm round the young man, Vaninka, startled at the advantageous change wrought in him, at the invitation of her father, tendered her hand to the youthful soldier.

Such a distinction far exceeded Fœdor's warmest hopes; and he quickly bowed his knee as before a queen, and taking her beautiful hand, carried it to his quivering lips. Slight as was the contact, Vaninka started, as if seared by a hot iron.—Her whole frame trembled, while a deep blush pervaded her cheek.

So abruptly did she withdraw her hand, that

Fœdor, fearing he had given offence, remained kneeling, and casting down his eyes in despair; so that Vaninka, forgetting her pride, was forced to calm his anxiety by a gracious smile. Fœdor rose, his heart bounding with joy; for though on the point of leaving Vaninka, he had never felt so happy in his life.

He departed, indulging in golden dreams; for his horizon, dark or resplendent, was deserving envy. Had he a warrior's end in store, he fancied that a tear of regret might fall from Vaninka's eye; and if glory awaited him, he should return in triumph to St. Petersburg!

The division to which the young officer was attached entered Italy by the gorges of the Tyrol; reaching Verona the 14th. of April, 1799: when Suwarrow, joining the division of General Mélas, took the command of the army. Next day, General Chasteler proposed to him to make a reconnaissance; but Suwarrow replied in amazement;—

"The only reconnaissance I intend to make,

is to march upon the enemy and beat them soundly !"

Suwarrow was prompt in his movements. It was thus he had conquered the Turks at Folkschany and Ismailoff; and in Poland after a few days' campaign, took Praga in a few hours. In acknowledgement for these feats, Catherine sent to the victorious General a crown of oak interwoven with jewels to the amount of six hundred thousand roubles, as well as a Marshal's staff, studded with diamonds. In creating him field marshal, she allowed him to select a regiment which should bear his name; and presented him with an extensive estate of eight thousand serfs, to which he was permitted to retire after his fatigues. What an example for Fœdor !—Suwarrow, the son of a simple soldier, had been brought up at the school of cadets, and like himself begun his career as sub-lieutenant ; and why should there not be two Suwarrows ?

Suwarrow enjoyed a colossal reputation.

Pious, zealous, indefatigable, living with the simplicity of a Tartar, and fighting with the enthusiasm of a Cossack, he was exactly the man to continue the triumphs of Mélas over the soldiers of the Republic, disheartened by the inept vacillations of Scherer. Besides, the Austro-Russian army, amounting to a hundred thousand men, had opposed to it only thirty thousand Frenchmen.

Suwarrow opened the campaign like a thunder-bolt. On the twentieth of April, he attacked Brescia, which resisted in vain ; and after half an hour's cannonade, the entrance by the Pescheria gate was forced, and the Korsakow division of which Fœdor's regiment formed the van, entered the town driving the enemy before them ; which, to the number of two thousand men, took refuge in the citadel.

Subdued by an impetuosity with which the French were then little acquainted, and seeing the scaling ladders planted against the ramparts, Brigadier Boucret chose to capitulate ;

too happy, in such a precarious position, to obtain terms from his fierce vanquisher. The garrison were of course made prisoners of war.

Suwarrow was the man of all others who knew how to take advantage of a victory. Scarcely was he master of Brescia, the quick reduction of which had spread dismay in the enemy's ranks, when he ordered General Kray to hasten the siege of Pescheria. Kray consequently established his head quarters at Valeggio, equi-distant from Pescheria and Mantua, stretching from the Po to the Lago di Garda, upon the bank of the Mincio; investing both towns at once.

During this interval, the General-in-Chief advancing with the main body of the army, crossed the Aglio in two columns; stationing one under the orders of General Rosenberg in the direction of Bergami, pushing the other under Melas as far as the Senio; while divisions of seven or eight thousand men com-

manded by General Kaim and Hohenzollern, were pushed on towards Placentia and Cremona; following the left bank of the Po, so that the Austro-Russian army advanced extending a front of eighty thousand men upon a line of eighteen leagues.

Seeing these forces advance, triple in number to his own, Scherer, beating a retreat upon his whole line, broke down the bridges upon the Adda, (seeing the impossibility of defending them). Removing his head quarters to Milan, he waited further instructions from the Directory; in answer to a letter in which he frankly admitted his incapacity, and tendered his resignation.

But as his successor was still on the road, while Suwarrow, rapidly advancing, he shrank from the responsibility that weighed upon him, and resigned the command to more skilful hands. The General he selected was Moreau; about to oppose those self-same

Russians in whose ranks he was hereafter doomed to fall !

This unexpected nomination was proclaimed amidst the acclamations of the army ! He whose magnificent campaign upon the Rhine had won for him the surname of the French Fabius, was saluted with the unanimous cheers of the troops—who cried aloud, " Long live Moreau, the Saviour of Italy !"

But this enthusiasm, great as it was, did not blind Moreau to the terrible position in which he stood. Liable to be outflanked at each extremity of his line, it became necessary to present a parallel line to the Russian army : so that, to shew a front, he was compelled to deploy from the Lake of Lecco to Pizzighitone, nearly a line of twenty leagues. It was true he could retire upon Piedmont, concentrate his troops at Alexandria, and there await the promised succours of the Directory. But by such an operation, he exposed the army of Naples,

isolating it before the enemy. He therefore resolved to defend the passage of the Adda, so as to give time to Dessolle's division to come up, sent by Massena to defend his left; while that of Gauthier, ordered to evacuate Tuscany, was advancing by forced marches to join his right.

He himself proceeded to the centre, determined to defend the fortified bridge of Cassano, whose head was covered by the Ritorto canal, occupied by the numerous artillery of the advanced posts.

As prudent as he was courageous, Moreau made sure, in case of a check, of his retreat towards the Appenines and Genoese coast.

The dispositions were scarcely terminated, when the indefatigable Suwarrow entered Triveglio, just as Moreau received the news of the taking of Bergamo. On the 25th. of April he perceived the vanguard of the enemy.

The same day, the Russian general divided his army into three strong columns, corres-

ponding to the three principal points of the French line, but each double the strength of the troops they were about to encounter. The right column, under General Wukassowich, moved towards the lake of Lecco, where General Serrurier was awaiting him. The left column, commanded by Melas, took up its ground facing the entrenchments of Cassano. Lastly, the Austrian division of generals Zopf and Ott, forming the centre, were concentrated at Canonia, ready at the given signal to fall upon Vaprio. The Russian and Austrian army bivouacked within gun-shot of the French advanced posts.

On the same evening, Fœdor, whose regiment belonged to the Chasteler division, wrote to General Tchermayloff, as follows:—

"We are close upon the French. There will be a great battle to-morrow; and I shall be either a lieutenant, or among the slain."

On the 26th of April, the cannon roared, at dawn of day, from both extremities of the line.

The extreme left of the French was attacked by the grenadiers of Prince Bagration. The extreme right, by General Seckendorff, who, detached from the camp of Triveglio, marched upon Crema. The two assaults had very different results. The Bagration grenadiers were repulsed with considerable loss; while Seckendorff drove the French from Crema, reconnoitring as far as the bridge of Lodi. Fœdor was deceived in his hopes. His division was not engaged, and his regiment remained stationary, waiting orders which never arrived. Suwarrow had not yet determined his movements.

During the night, Moreau learning the advantages obtained by Seckendorff on his extreme right, had ordered Serrurier to leave at Lecco, (a post easily defended,) half of the eighteenth light brigade and a detachment of dragoons, and to fall back on the centre with the remainder of his men. Serrurier received

about two in the morning, the orders which he immediately executed.

The Russians, on their side, lost no time in taking advantage of the darkness of the night. Wukassowich had re-established the bridge broken down by the French at Brevio, while General Chasteler constructed another, two miles below the castle of Trezzo. These two bridges had both been repaired and constructed without the knowledge of the French outposts. Surprised early in the morning by two Austrian divisions who, masked by the village of San Gervasio, had gained the right bank of the Addio without being perceived, the soldiers entrusted with the defence of the castle of Trezzo, abandoning it and beating a retreat, the Austrians pursued them as far as Pozzo. There, the French suddenly faced about. It was Serrurier and his troops on their march from Lecco; who, hearing a cannonade in their rear, halted, and obeying the

first law of war, marched towards the field of action, rallied the garrison of Trezzo, and took the offensive; sending an aide-de-camp to Moreau to warn him of the movement he had thought proper to make.

The action commenced between the French and Austrians with the most unheard of fury; the soldiers of Buonaparte having adopted a custom in the early Italian campaigns, which they were loth to forsake, that of beating the troops of his imperial majesty whenever they met them. The numerical superiority was however such, that the French troops began to waver; when loud cries from the rear announced the arrival of a reinforcement. It was General Grenier who, sent forward by Moreau, arrived at the critical moment! Part of the French division reinforced the columns doubling the divisions of the centre; while the other extended itself in order to envelop the enemy's generals, when the charge beating on the whole line, the French grenadiers recon-

quered the field so often taken and retaken. A reinforcement came up to the Austrians, (the division of the Marquis of Chasteler), so that the numbers were in favour of the enemy. Grenier quickly brought up his wing to strengthen his centre, and Serrurier retreating, fell back upon Pozzo, where he awaited the enemy.

Here, was concentrated the whole brunt of the battle. Thrice was the village of Pozzo taken and retaken; when, at last the French, attacked for the fourth time by a force double their own, were compelled to evacuate the place. In the last attack, an Austrian colonel was mortally wounded; but on the other hand, General Beker, who commanded the French rear guard, refusing to retreat and being surrounded by a few men, was forced to surrender his sword to a young Russian officer belonging to the regiment of Semenofskoi; who, after delivering up his prisoner to his men, returned to the combat.

The two French generals had agreed upon the village of Vaprio as the rallying point; but in the confusion of evacuating Pozzo, so effective a charge was made by the Austrian cavalry, that Serrurier was cut off and forced to retire with two thousand five hundred men upon Vendorio; while Grenier alone reached the point agreed upon, halting at Vaprio to shew a new front to the enemy.

A sharp engagement was now going on in the centre. Melas, with eighteen or twenty thousand men, had attacked the fortified posts established at the bridge of Cassano, and the Ritorto Canal. As early as seven in the morning, just as Moreau had sent off Grenier's division, Mélas in person at the head of three battalions of Austrian grenadiers, attacked the advanced works; and for two hours, there was a terrible carnage. Repulsed three times, leaving fifteen hundred men at the foot of the fortifications, the Austrians returned to the charge; every time reinforced with fresh troops,

and headed and encouraged by Mélas, determined to avenge his old defeats. At last, attacked for the fourth time, and forced in their retrenchments the French, disputing every inch of ground, retired to their second line of defence, which was commanded by Moreau in person.

During two hours did they fight, man to man, while the artillery vomited death, almost muzzle to muzzle. The Austrians rallied again, charging with the bayonet; and for want of scaling-ladders, piled up the bodies of their fallen companions, and thus attained the parapet.

There was not a moment to lose. Moreau ordered a retreat; and while the French recrossed the Adda, he in person covered their passage with a single battalion of grenadiers, of whom only twenty survived. Three of his aides-de-camp fell at his side. But the retreat was effected without disorder; and he then retired, still shewing a front to the enemy, who

set foot on the bridge at the moment he reached the opposite shore.

The Austrians hastened in pursuit, but suddenly a loud explosion was heard predominating over that of the artillery. The second arch of the bridge had been mined and blown up; and in the vacant space, there fell a shower of fragments of stone and human beings. At that moment, when Moreau had placed fresh obstacles between him and Mélas, he perceived the divisions of General Grenier flying in disorder; compelled to evacuate Vaprio, and pursued by the Austrio-Russian army of Zopf, Ott and Chasteler. Moreau immediately commanded a change of front; and presenting a new line to this new enemy, at the moment he least expected it, succeeded in rallying the troops of Grenier, and re-sustained the battle. While he countermarched to join him, Mélas re-established the bridge, and quickly crossed the river.

Moreau now found himself attacked on all

sides by a force tripling his own. It was then that all the officers implored him to think of a retreat, for on the safety of his person depended the preservation of Italy to France. Moreau resisted, well knowing the terrible consequences of the battle he had just lost; and a chosen few surrounded him, and forming a close square, retired, while the remainder of the army sacrificed themselves to secure the retreat of him whose genius they considered their only remaining hope!

The battle lasted three hours longer; during which, the rear guard performed wonders. At last, Mélas, seeing his enemy escape him, and feeling that his troops were nearly exhausted, relinquished the contest, and halted on the left bank of the Adda; echeloning in the villages of Imago, Gorgonzota and Cassano, and remaining master of the field of battle, upon which lay two thousand five hundred Frenchmen, and one hundred pieces of cannon.

That evening, Suwarrow having invited General Beker to sup with him, inquired who had taken him prisoner. Beker replied, that it was the young officer who had entered the first into the village of Pozzo. Suwarrow demanded the name of the regiment, and found it was that of Semenofskoi ; when the General-in-chief immediately took steps for the discovery of the name of the young man. Shortly afterwards, "Lieutenant Fœdor Romayloff" was announced, bringing to Suwarrow the sword of General Beker. The General invited him to sup with him and his prisoner.

The following day, Fœdor wrote anew to his protector:—"I have kept my word:—I am a lieutenant, and the Field Marshal has solicited the Emperor to grant me the cross of Saint Vladimir!"

On the 28th of April, Suwarrow entered Milan (which Moreau had just abandoned to retire behind the Tesino,) and exhibited in all

the public places of the capital the following proclamation, singularly illustrative of the character of the Muscovite hero :

" The victorious army of the apostolical Emperor is here, fighting for the preservation of the holy church, the Clergy, Nobility, and ancient government of Italy. People of Italy ! unite with us for the sake of God and the faith, for our army has marched to Milan and Placentia, to bring you succours."

The dearly bought victories of the Trebia and Novi, succeeded to that of Cassano, and left Suwarrow so weakened, that he could not avail himself of the advantages he had gained. Besides, at the moment the Russian General was about to take the field, a new project arrived from the Aulic Council of Vienna. The allied powers had decided upon the invasion of France; and pointing out to each general the route he was to pursue, ordered Suwarrow to enter France by that

of Switzerland, where the Archduke would yield him his positions, and fall back upon the Lower Rhine.

The troops with which Suwarrow, leaving Moreau and Macdonald in front of the Austrians, was to manœuvre against Massena, consisted of thirty thousand Russians; with thirty thousand more, detached from Tolstoy's army of reserve, in Gallicia, which were to enter Switzerland, under General Korsakoff; about thirty thousand Austrians, commanded by General Hotze, and lastly, five or six thousand French emigrants, under the Prince of Condé,—the whole amounting to ninty-five thousand men.

Fœdor had been wounded in entering into Novi; but Suwarrow healed his wound by a second cross, so that the young officer, comforted by the military distinctions he had achieved, was able to join the army, when, on the 18th of September, it made its move-

ment towards Salvedra, and penetrated the valley of Tesino.

All, till then, had gone prosperously; and as they ranged the plains of Italy, Suwarrow had reason to be satisfied with the courage and devotion of his soldiers. But when, on quitting luxuriant Lombardy, watered by its beautiful rivers, they beheld before them the steep summits of St. Gothard, their enthusiasm became extinct; their energy failed, and dismal misgivings beset the wild children of the north. Already they began to murmur; when suddenly—the van halted, declaring they would not proceed further. In vain did Fœdor, who commanded a company, implore his men to show a good example by marching; they threw down their arms, and lay down beside them on the way. Simultaneously with this breach of subordination, fresh murmurs broke forth in the rear of the army, increasing like a hurricane. It was Suwarrow, passing from the rear to the front, accom-

panied by these cries of mutiny, which rose along the whole line as he presented himself. Arrived at the head of the column, the cries deepened into imprecations.

Suwarrow instantly addressed the soldiers, with the barbarous eloquence which heretofore had wrought such miracles. But cries of—

"Retreat! Retreat!"—stifled his voice.

He now caused the most mutinous to be seized and knouted, till subdued by that savage punishment. But in spite of all exhortations, the cries continued; and the Field Marshal saw that all was lost, if he did not devise some effective means of reducing the factious. — He instantly advanced towards Fœdor.

"Captain!" said he, "take eight corporals, and dig a pit."

Fœdor gazed astonished at the General, as if to demand an explanation of this unusual order.

"Do what I bid you," persisted the Field Marshal.

He obeyed. The eight corporals set to work. Ten minutes afterwards the pit was dug. In a moment, Suwarrow tore off his epaulettes, and orders, and threw them with his sword into the trench, and jumping in himself, exclaimed—

"Cover me! I am abandoned by my soldiers. They are no longer my children. I am no longer their father! I have nothing left but to die!"

On hearing these strange words, the Russian grenadiers threw themselves into the pit, weeping aloud; and having brought out their chief in their arms, they knelt for pardon, and implored him to lead them to the enemy.

"Good!" exclaimed Suwarrow. "I recognise my children again. To the enemy!"

Loud huzzas, replied to these words. Suwarrow re-attired himself, during which occu-

pation, the mutineers crawled upon the ground and kissed his feet. No sooner had he replaced his epaulettes on his shoulders, and his crosses on his breast, than he mounted his horse, followed by the whole army, every soldier swearing to die rather than abandon his father.

The same day, Suwarrow attacked Aerolo. But ill-omened days were in progress. The conqueror of Cassano, the Trebia and Novi, had exhausted his fortunes in the plains of Italy. During twelve hours, six hundred Frenchmen kept in check three thousand Russian grenadiers, under the walls of the town, the night arriving without Suwarrow being able to drive them away. Next day, he moved forward his forces to envelop this handful of men; but the weather becoming tempestuous, a cold and drenching rain beat in the faces of the Russians. The French took advantage of this circumstance, and retreated; evacuating the valley of Urseren

and having passed the Reuss, they took up a position upon the heights of the Grimsel. The object of the Russians was now partly obtained. They possessed St. Gothard, though it appeared probable that the French would retake it, and cut off his retreat.

Suwarrow felt himself once more triumphant. Indifferent as to what he left behind, he reached Andermatt, crossed the valley of the Uri, and found Lecourbe defending the defiles of the Pont du Diable, with fifteen hundred men.

Here the strife was renewed. During three days, fifteen hundred Frenchmen kept three thousand Russians in check. Suwarrow roared like an entrapped lion, for he saw that his star was on the decline.

On the fourth day, he learned that General Korsakoff, who preceded him and whom he was about to join, had been beaten by Molitor; and that Massena had retaken Zurich, and occupied the canton of Glaris. Leaving the

valley of the Reuss, he wrote to Korsakoff and Jallachich.

"I hasten to repair your errors. Hold as firm as rocks. You shall answer with your heads for every step you fall back."

The aide-de-camp communicated, at the same time, a verbal plan of battle to the Russian and Austrian generals, two of whom, Linsken and Jallachich, were ordered to attack the French line, each on his side, and effect their junction in the valley of Glaris; into which, Suwarrow would make his way by the valley of Klon Thal, so as to hem in Molitor between two ramparts of iron.

So certain was Suwarrow of success, that upon gaining the borders of the lake of Klon Thal, he sent to summon Molitor to surrender, seeing that he was surrounded on all sides. Molitor replied that his plan had failed; for that he had beaten the generals of the allies, one after the other, and forced them to retire into the Grisons; and that on

the contrary, as Massena was advancing by Muotta, it was Suwarrow himself who was placed between two fires. Molitor, consequently summoned him to lay down his arms !

On receiving this unexpected answer, Suwarrow thought he was dreaming, but was soon made aware of the imminent peril of remaining in those defiles. Rushing upon the point of the bayonet, and closing the defiles with twelve hundred men, the General kept at bay eighteen thousand Russians for a space of eight hours. At length, night arrived ; Molitor evacuated Klon Thal, and retired upon the Linth, in order to defend the bridges of Nœfels and Mollis. The troops of the old Marshal, rushed like a torrent upon Glaris and Mitlodi, and when he learnt the truth of his position, that Jallachich and Linsken were beaten and dispersed; that Massena was advancing upon Schwitz, and that General Rosenberg, to whom he had

entrusted the defence of the bridge of Muotta, had been compelled to fall back, he saw himself in the dilemma in which he thought to have placed Molitor.

There was no time to lose in retreating. Suwarrow threw himself into the defiles of Engi Schwanden, and Elm; hastening his march so urgently, that he abandoned his wounded, and his cannon. The French closely pursued, driving them sometimes amid precipices, at others, through the clouds.

Armies now followed the track of the chamois-hunter, with bare feet, and creeping rather than marching. Three different nations were confronted in the regions of the eagle; as if willing to ascend nearer to the supreme being, in order that He might the better dispose the justice of their cause. The mountains seemed like so many volcanoes; while the crystal waters of the cascades descended

in gory floods into the valleys, and heaps of human limbs rolled down the precipices. Such was the harvest of death, in a spot where life itself was almost unknown, that the vultures become dainty from satiety, feasted, according to the traditions of the country, upon human eyes!

Suwarrow, at length succeeded in rallying his troops in the environs of Lindeau; and ordered Korsakoff to come up, and occupy a position at Bregenz. But his united forces amounted only to thirty thousand men; the remainder of eighty thousand, the contingent furnished by Paul to the coalition, constituting three armies, each stronger than that of Massena, had been beaten in fifteen days.

Suwarrow, furious to have been subdued by the republicans of whose defeat he had proclaimed himself so sure, attributed his failure to the Austrians; declaring that before he co-operated further with the coalition,

he waited the instructions of the Emperor, to whom he had communicated the disaffection of the allies.

Paul issued instant instructions for the return of the army to St. Petersburg, where a triumphant entrée awaited the Field Marshal. An ukase announced that Suwarrow was to reside for life in the imperial palace, and that a monument was to be erected to him in one of the public squares of the capital.

Fœdor also was about to return. Whenever there had been danger to encounter in the plains of Italy, the gorges of the Tesino, or the snows of Mount Pragel, he was ever the foremost, so that his name was among those which stood prominently forth for honor and reward; and Suwarrow knew too well the value of merit to bestow riches and honour undeserved.

Fœdor returned, therefore, to his noble protector, having fully accomplished his promise. The Field Marshal had taken him into favour;

and no one could say how far such friendship might lead, for the Emperor worshipped him as a warrior of ancient times.

No one, however, could place much dependence upon the character of Paul I. Such were its caprices, that Suwarrow, upon arriving at Riga, received a letter from the hands of a privy councillor, signifying, in the name of the Emperor, that having tolerated acts of insubordination among the soldiers, he was deprived of all his honours, and forbidden to appear in the presence of the Emperor !

This news fell like lightning upon the head of the old warrior; already writhing under his late reverses, which, like the evening storm, darkened the close of a splendid day. Assembling his officers in the square of Riga, like a father quitting his family, he bad them a mournful farewell; and, shaking by the hand the different generals and colonels, left them free to follow their destination; then, threw himself into a sledge, and travelled night

and day, till he arrived incognito in that capital into which he was to have entered as a conqueror. A fortnight afterwards, he died of a broken heart, at the residence of one of his nieces, who had afforded him shelter!

Fœdor, in as much haste as the Marshal, had also reached St. Petersburg without previous announcement. Having no connections in the capital, his thoughts and hopes were concentrated upon one alone; and he proceeded at once to the Nevskoï perspective, where, on the border of the Catherine canal, resided General Tchermayloff. Having jumped out of his carriage, he rushed through the court, cleared the stairs, reached the door of the ante-chamber; and finding himself among the valets and dependents of the house, inquired for the General. They instantly pointed to the door of the dining-room, where he was breakfasting with his daughter.

Fœdor's courage now failed him, and he was fain to support himself against the wall. About

to see Vaninka once again, that soul of his soul for whom he had achieved so much, he trembled lest he should find her different from her he had left. At that moment, the door of the dining-room suddenly opened, and Vaninka appeared. At sight of Fœdor, she uttered an exclamation, and turning towards the General, exclaimed, "Dear father! here is Fœdor!" with that deep-felt expression of joy which is never to be mistaken.

"Welcome, welcome!" cried the General, extending his arms; and fain would Fœdor have fallen at the feet of Vaninka, and into the arms of her father, at the same time. But his first impulse was that of respect and gratitude, and he threw himself on the breast of the General, to confess his passion. But how confess it before he knew it to be mutual? even as on his departure for the seat of war, Fœdor knelt down before Vaninka. But the haughty girl, unwilling to betray the spontaneous dictates of the heart, instantly

became cold and stately as a statue of alabaster,—a work of pride, begun by nature and finished by education. Fœdor kissed her hand, which was cold and trembling. His heart sank within him.

"Well, Vaninka?" said the General, "why so reserved with one who has caused us so much terror, and so much joy? Fœdor, embrace my daughter!"

The young man rose; but stood motionless, hoping that another permission might confirm that of the General.

"Did you not hear my father?" said Vaninka, smiling, unable however to repress the agitation which her trembling voice divulged.

Fœdor gently pressed her lips with his own, and as he held her hand, could almost believe that, from an impulse independent of her will, she had slightly pressed his arm. A feeble exclamation escaped his bosom. On casting his eyes upon Vaninka, it was now his turn

to be alarmed at her pallid face; her lips being colourless as those of the dead. The General now bid Fœdor sit down, and Vaninka returned to her place, which being with her back towards the light, her agitation was unperceived by her father.

During breakfast, Fœdor was required to relate the feats and adventures of the campaign begun under the ardent sun of Italy, and ending upon the ice-bound mountains of Switzerland. As the news-papers in Russia are under a severe censorship of the press, the successes only, and not the reverses of Suwarrow were known. Fœdor related the former with becoming modesty; the latter, with perfect frankness. The profound interest of the General in this recital, is easy to be imagined; and the epaulettes of Fœdor and his breast glittering with orders, were contradictions of the excessive humility with which the young officer accomplished his task. But the General, too generous to be deterred

by the reverses of Suwarrow, had already paid a visit to the dying Marshal, and obtained his testimony to the prowess of his young protégé; and it was now his time to enumerate the feats of the gallant officer during the campaign. Tchermayloff ended by stating, that he should forthwith solicit the Emperor to place him on his staff; and Fœdor was about to kneel at his feet, when the General seized him in his arms, and to convince him of the certainty of his appointment, decided that very day on the apartment he should occupy in the house.

Next day, the General returned from the palace of St. Michael, announcing the success of his application to the Emperor. Fœdor had now attained the height of his ambition. From that instant, he was installed a member of the General's family. To live under the same roof with Vaninka,—to see her every hour,—to sit with her at the same table, exceeded his utmost hopes. He had nothing further to desire or hope. On her own part, Vaninka,

proud as she was, had conceived the deepest interest for Fœdor. When parted from him, her womanly pride could not refrain from indulging in the hopes of a career of glory for the young officer, so as to lessen the distance that seemed to separate them from each other. This was now accomplished; and a more tender sentiment, soon replaced her early interest in his favour. Still, to all appearance, Vaninka remained cold and indifferent, for such was her nature. She meant, at some future day, to manifest her attachment for Fœdor; but till then, did not choose him even to guess that he was beloved.

Thus proceeded matters for several months; and the position which at first seemed the acme of happiness, became a source of misery to Fœdor. With a heart overflowing with love, and seeing no one but her whom he so madly adored, to disguise the powerful emotions of his heart was an effort all but impossible. Vaninka, seeing that Fœdor strove

in vain to keep his secret, determined to forestall the confession which must soon escape his lips.

One day, finding themselves alone, on perceiving the fruitless efforts of Fœdor to suppress his feelings, she frankly addressed him.

"You love me then, Fœdor?" said she, calmly.

"Forgive me, forgive me!"—replied the young man, clasping his hands.

"Why ask pardon? Is not your love sincere?"

"The more so, that it is utterly hopeless."

"Not hopeless!" cried Vaninka. "My father loves you like his son!"

"And what then?" exclaimed Fœdor. "Would he ever give me your hand? Would *you* even consent?"

"Are you not noble, both in heart and blood?" replied Mademoiselle Tchermayloff. "You have no fortune, it is true; but I am rich enough for both."

"You do not look upon me then with indifference?" demanded the young soldier, gaining courage.

"I prefer you to all the world."

Fœdor was utterly overcome by this avowal.

"I tremble to offend you!" cried he; "command me, and I obey you. What must I do?"

"Seek the consent of my father to our union!"

"You authorise me then?"

"I do—on one condition!"

"Speak, speak!"

"That my father shall never know I desired you to take the step, and that you will reveal to no one the confession I have made you. Happen what may, you must not rely upon more on my part, than the promises I have made you."

"Any thing you desire!" replied Fœdor. "You have already granted me a thousand times more than I dared to hope. Should

your father refuse, it is enough that you will share my grief!"

"It will be otherwise, I trust," said Vaninka, presenting her hand to the young officer, which he fervently pressed to his lips. "Let us hope, and persevere!"

Vaninka now left the room; Fœdor remaining more agitated and trembling than herself.

The following day, Fœdor entreated an interview of the General. He was received as cordially and frankly as usual; but at the first words pronounced by Fœdor, his face assumed a forbidding aspect. Still, the expression of such real love, so constant, so impassioned, the stimulus to all those deeds of valour which the General had so warmly applauded, could not be despised. The General held out his hand; and almost equally agitated, told him that, during his absence, being completely unconscious of his attachment to his daughter, he had, upon the solicitation of the Emperor, given his pledge to the son of a Privy Councillor. The

only stipulation made by the General on the occasion being that he should not be separated from his daughter till she attained the age of eighteen. Vaninka, therefore, had only five months more to remain under the paternal roof.

Fœdor's position was indeed critical! In Russia, any desire expressed by the Emperor is held equal to a command; and no human being dares contest its execution. So deeply was the despair of Fœdor painted in his countenance, that the General, full of sympathy in his affliction, involuntarily extended his arms, into which Fœdor rushed, unable to suppress his emotion. The General then questioned him as to his daughter. But remembering his promise to Vaninka, Fœdor replied that he acted of his own accord; and this assurance tranquillized the old General, who feared for a moment, that he had made two victims, instead of one.

At the usual hour of dinner, Vaninka found

her father alone; Fœdor not daring to appear. To find himself confronted with the General and his daughter, at the moment he had lost all hope, was too severe a trial, he therefore took a sledge, and drove into the environs of the city. During dinner, the General and his daughter scarcely exchanged a word. Yet so characteristic was this silence, that Vaninka preserved her usual cheerfulness of demeanour while the General alone appeared dejected.

In the evening, the General, finding himself indisposed, retired to rest. Vaninka, after making inquiries as to the cause, and finding that there were no alarming symptoms, signified to her father her implicit obedience to his wishes. After thanking his daughter for this re-assurance, the General begged to be left to solitude and repose.

Vaninka likewise retired to her chamber; bidding her foster-sister, Annouschka, watch the return of Fœdor, and apprize her of his arrival.

At eleven, a sledge drew up to the door, from which Fœdor stepped out, and immediately proceeded to his apartment; where he threw himself upon the sofa, depressed by the weight of his thoughts. About midnight, he heard a knock at the door. It was Annouschka, to announce that her mistress desired to see him immediately. Though little expecting such a summons, Fœdor instantly obeyed. He found Vaninka apparelled in a white robe, pale and motionless as a statue.

Fœdor paused at the door.

"Approach!" said she, in a voice of perfect composure, Annouschka having closed the door. "Tell me," said Vaninka, "what said my father to your demand?"

Fœdor related all that had taken place, and while the proud girl listened, her lips became pale as death.—As to Fœdor, feverish and excited, he was all but frantic.

"And now, tell me your intentions?" said Vaninka, with her usual deliberate voice.

"You ask my intentions? Alas! what remains for me to do, except to manifest my gratitude to my kind protector, to fly to St. Petersburg, and pray that some friendly ball may release me from my misery!"

"You are mad!" replied Vaninka, with an expression of triumphant superiority; for, from that moment, she felt her ascendancy over Fœdor, and knew that she should be sovereign of his existence.

"Then advise and command me. Am I not your slave?"

"You must remain here!" said Vaninka.

"Remain?"

"Yes; it is only a woman or a child who yields thus readily. A man, if worthy the name, resists to the last!"

"Resist whom?—your father?—never!"

"Who tells you to resist my father? It is against the march of events, you must stand firm. Before my father, control your feelings, and he will think you have mastered them. As I

am supposed to be unacquainted with your views, I shall not be suspected. I will demand two years' delay, which will not be refused me. Who can foretell the course of events in two years?—The Emperor may die!—He to whom I am given may die!"

"But if they exact immediate compliance?"

"Exact of *me!*" interrupted Vaninka, the colour rushing into her cheeks. "Who has a right to exact of me?—my father? He loves me too well! The Emperor? He has too many causes of anxiety in his own family to wish to disturb the peace of others. But there remains for me a last resource, even when all others are exhausted. The Neva flows close at hand, and its waters are deep!"

Fœdor shuddered; for the contracted lips and brow of the young girl evinced such resolution of character, that it seemed impossible to soften her firmness of purpose.

Fœdor was too willing to approve the project proposed by Vaninka, to start any new

objections. Besides, had he dared, her promise to requite him for his dissimulation in public had removed all further scruples, Vaninka by her firmness of character exercised an influence even over the General. Fœdor, therefore, scrupulously obeyed her wishes, while in the gratification of her will and pride, her love seemed to be more intense.

A few days after this nocturnal interview, the infliction of the knout, to which we have alluded, took place ; of which Gregory was the victim, upon a complaint made by Vaninka to her father.

Fœdor, in his office of aide-de-camp, was compelled to preside at this execution ; though he little heeded the threat pronounced by the culprit on his withdrawing. Ivan, the coachman, after officiating as executioner, acted the surgeon, by applying a wash to the galled shoulders of Gregory that could not fail to heal them. He remained in the infirmary for three days, during which he meditated projects

of vengeance. On resuming his duties, all except himself had forgotten what had passed, and had Gregory been a genuine Russian, he would have quickly overlooked a chastisement too frequent among the Muscovites to be deemed a cause for revenge.

But Gregory, as we have before mentioned, had Greek blood in his veins. Though a slave, on account of his functions, he was admitted to a greater familiarity with the General than the other dependents of the house. In all countries of the world, barbers have peculiar privileges with those upon whom they operate; arising probably from the fact of holding their existence between their finger and thumb during ten minutes every day. Gregory enjoyed the usual immunities of his profession; and in his daily functions with the General, did not fail to make use of his time.

One day, the General having to attend a review, Gregory was summoned early; and while the razor of the barber swept magically

over his cheek, Fœdor became the accidental subject of conversation. The barber professed warm admiration of the young soldier; when the General, reminding him of the correction inflicted on him at the instigation of the aide-de-camp, inquired whether, in the person he defined as a model of perfection, there existed some slight defect to cast a shade upon such great and brilliant qualities ?

Gregory replied that, with the exception of pride, he thought Fœdor irreproachable.

" Pride ?" exclaimed the astonished old man. " The vice of all others from which I thought him exempt !"

" I mean perhaps ambition," replied Gregory.

" Ambition ?" reiterated the General. " Surely it was no proof of ambition to enter my service, when after his conduct in the last campaign, he might have entered the household of the Emperor ?"

" There is ambition and ambition," observed

Gregory, smiling. "Some aspire to high office, some to a brilliant alliance. Some like to be the creators of their own fortunes, some make a stepping-stone of their wives, in which case, they sometimes look higher than they ought."

"What mean you?" exclaimed the General, beginning to perceive the implication of the barber.

"I mean, Sir, that some men, taking advantage of their influence over their patrons, aspire to a higher position; as if that in which they already stood rendered them giddy!"

"Beware, Gregory!" replied the General, becoming agitated; "beware!—for you will be obliged to prove your words!"

"By St. Basil, General, there is no fear when one speaks the truth. I say nothing but what I can prove!"

"You persist in asserting that Fœdor makes love to my daughter?"

"I did not say so, General!" replied Gre-

gory, with his usual Greek duplicity, "it was your excellence!"

"Still it is what you meant to imply. Come speak out, be frank!"

"I admit, then, your Excellence, that it is what I meant to say."

"And you think their love mutual?"

"Between ourselves, General, I fear so!"

"On what ground? Speak!"

"First of all, Monsieur Fœdor never misses an opportunity of speaking to Mademoiselle Vaninka."

"They live in the same house, would you have them ungracious to each other?"

"When Mademoiselle Vaninka returns late from a party, if by chance Monsieur Fœdor have not accompanied your Excellence, he is always ready to hand Mademoiselle Vaninka from the carriage"

"Fœdor waits for *me*—it is his duty!" said the General, beginning to think the suspicions

of his serf slightly founded. "He waits for me, because at any hour of the night or day, I may be in want of his services."

"Every day Monsieur Fœdor visits Mademoiselle Vaninka; a favour hitherto unknown in your Excellency's family"

"It is I who send him!" replied the old gentleman.

"During the day, your Excellence," observed Gregory, but—at night?"

"At night?" exclaimed the General, abruptly rising, so agitated that he nearly fell.

"Yes, your Excellence, at midnight!" replied the serf. "Since I must make good my word, I will tell all. Even with the chance of another knouting worse than the former, I will no longer suffer my good old master to be deceived.

"Take heed of what you say, slave; for I know your nation's failing! should your accusation prove an act of vengeance and not found-

ed upon proofs palpable and positive, you shall receive the chastisement of a vile calumniator!"

"I willingly consent to it!" replied Gregory.

"So you saw Fœdor enter, by night, my daughter's room?"

"No, General, not enter! I saw him come out of it!"

"When?"

"A quarter of an hour ago, when coming hither to wait upon your Excellence!

"You lie!" said the General raising his fist upon the serf.

"This is against our agreement, your Excellence," said Gregory. "I am to be punished only in the absence of proof."

"But where is your proof?"

"I have told you!"

"Do you think I will believe your mere assertion?"

"No! but you will surely believe your own eyes."

"How so?"

"The first time Monsieur Fœdor remains in the apartment of Mademoiselle Vaninka past midnight I will apprise your Excellence. You may then judge for yourself. But as far as this, the result of my disclosure to your Excellence seems but of little advantage to me."

"How so?"

"If I cannot bring proofs, I am to receive the chastisement of a slanderer; but if I do, what is to be my reward?"

"A thousand roubles and your liberty!"

"Agreed then!" said Gregory, replacing the razors in their case. "I trust that, before a week shall have expired, you will do me ustice."

The serf now departed, leaving the General persuaded of his impending misfortune. From that moment, the old man listened to every word, examined every gesture exchanged between his daughter and the young officer. But nothing seemed to justify his vigilance

on the contrary, Vaninka appeared more cold and reserved than ever.

A week passed away. On the night of the ninth, about two in the morning, there was a knock at the General's door: it was Gregory!

"If your Excellence choose to enter his daughter's apartment, he will find Monsieur Fœdor," said the barber with a smile.

The General turned pale, and in silence followed his serf to Vaninka's door, where he motioned him to retire. Gregory concealed himself in an angle of the corridor.

No sooner did the General think himself alone, than he knocked; but all was still. Vaninka was possibly asleep, and knocking again, he heard her voice gently inquire, "Who is there?"

"It is I!" said the General in great agitation.

"Annouschka!" said his daughter to her foster-sister, who was sleeping in the adjoining room, "here is my father. A moment, dearest father, and the door shall be opened."

The General waited patiently; for so firm was his daughter's voice, that he thought the serf must be mistaken. At last, the door opened, and looking around him, the General discerned no one in the first room.

Vaninka was reposing, a little paler perhaps than usual, but perfectly calm; her lips possessing that grateful smile which never failed to brighten them on seeing her father.

"To what am I indebted for the happiness of seeing you at this unaccustomed hour of the night?" said she.

"I have something of importance to ask you," said the General; "and in spite of the hour, trust you will forgive my breaking your rest."

"Dearest father, you are ever welcome, at any hour, either night or day," she replied, and the General looking round, felt convinced of the impossibility of there being any one concealed in the first room. The second was still to be examined.

"I am listening, father," said Vaninka, after a moment's silence.

"We are not alone," replied the General; "and it is important we should not be overheard."

"You need not fear, Annouschka," said Vaninka.

"In that case," replied the General, advancing towards the smaller room, "Annouschka, go to the corridor, and watch that nobody approaches."

As he pronounced these words, he searched carefully about him, and saw there could be nobody in the room.

Annouschka obeyed, and the General having followed her to the door, returned to the bedside of his daughter.

The old man held out his hand, which his child affectionately grasped.

"Dearest child, I have something of importance to ask you," said he. "You will soon

be eighteen, the age at which we Russians usually marry our daughters."

He paused, to observe the impression these words might produce. But her hand remained calm within his own.

"For this year past," said he, "I have promised your hand—"

"May I ask to whom?" coldly inquired Vaninka.

"To the son of Counsellor R——. What think you of him?"

"I have heard him called a good and noble young man," replied Vaninka; "but I know nothing more of him. Has he not been three years in garrison at Moscow?"

"He has," said the General; "and in three months will return."

Vaninka remained silent.

"Have you nothing more to answer?" inquired her father.

"I have a favour to ask you."

"Name it, my dear child!"

"I do not wish to marry before I am twenty."

"And why not?"

"I have made a vow to that effect."

"But if circumstances render it necessary to break that vow, so that the marriage should take place?"

"Explain yourself!" replied Vaninka.

"Fœdor adores you," said the General, looking earnestly at his daughter.

"I know it," replied Vaninka, with as much indifference as before.

"When did he avow his passion?"

"Yesterday."

"And you answered him—"

"That he must instantly depart."

"Did he consent, Vaninka?"

"He did."

"Is he gone then?"

"Yes!"

"But," said the General, "he was with me at ten o'clock?"

"And he left me at midnight," replied Vaninka.

"Ah!" said the General, breathing freely again, "you are a dutiful child, Vaninka, and freely do I grant your request. Remember, however, that it is the Emperor who has decided your marriage."

"I am, I hope, too obedient a daughter to rebel against my father's wishes."

"Good, my dear child!—So Fœdor has confessed all?"

"All!"

"You knew that he had spoken to me previously?"

"I knew it!"

"And you heard from him that your hand was already engaged?"

"I did."

"Yet he consented to go! He is a good

and noble young man, who may depend upon my good will. Oh! that I had not given my word!—I like him so much, that had you been disposed, I could have willingly given him your hand."

"And cannot you be released from your word?" inquired Vaninka.

"Impossible!" said the General.

"Then must my destiny be accomplished!" said Vaninka.

"You speak like a dutiful child," observed her father, tenderly kissing her. "You have both acted well.—I require no more."

Having made a sign to Annouschka to return, he departed; and upon reaching the door of his room, found his serf Gregory.

"Well, your Excellence?" said the man.

"You were both right and wrong," replied the General. "Fœdor loves my daughter, and was in her apartment at eleven, but at midnight, he quitted her for ever. To-morrow, nevertheless, you shall have a thousand roubles, and your liberty."

Gregory was astonished.

During that time, Annouschka had returned to her mistress, and carefully closed the door. After listening to the departing steps of her father, Vaninka bounded out of bed, and rushing with her foster-sister towards the recess of the window, began uncovering an old-fashioned chest, of which Annouschka pressed a spring, and Vaninka hastened to raise the lid. A loud shriek burst from the lips of both. The chest had become a bier—containing only the lifeless body of the young officer!

For some time, the two women trusted that he had but fainted. Annouschka bathed his temples with water, while Vaninka applied her salts bottle to his nose; but all in vain! During Vaninka's prolonged conversation with her father, Fœdor, unable to release himself from the chest, had expired for want of air.

Their position was now dreadful; Annouschka thought only of Siberia; Vaninka, to do her justice, saw only the body of her

first and only love. Both were reduced to despair; but the attendant was more alive to the danger of their critical position, than her mistress; and imagined means by which they might extricate themselves from their perplexing situation.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "we are saved!"

Vaninka raised her eyes bathed in tears.

"What matters it what becomes of us!" cried she, "since he is lost to me for ever?"

"Deign, Mademoiselle, to listen to me. Your position is alarming—your misfortune great; but reflect that if the General knew all—"

"No matter!" replied Vaninka; "I will weep for him in the face of the whole world!"

"Ay, but you would weep dishonoured. To-morrow your slaves would know, and the next day, all St. Petersburg, that a dead body had been found in your room. Think, Ma-

demoiselle, of your reputation !—Think of that of your father—of your family !"

"You are right," said Vaninka, sorrowfully. "I must not soil the grey hairs of my father. What must we do ?"

"Mademoiselle knows my brother Ivan ?"

"Yes."

"We must tell him all."

"To a man—a slave too ?"

"Ay, and for that very reason ! The better for our secret—his reward depending entirely upon keeping it."

"He is a drunkard, too," observed Vaninka.

"It is true," said Annouschka; "where is the serf who is not? But he is more sober than most of them, and in our position, we must not be too scrupulous."

"Too true !" replied Vaninka, summoning her usual self-command. "Go then, and seek your brother."

"We can do nothing this morning," said

Annouschka, opening the window-blinds. "See! it is broad day-light!"

"But where are we to place the body of my lost Fœdor?" exclaimed Vaninka.

"It must remain where it is. While you are at court, to-night, my brother shall take it away."

"Alas!" faltered Vaninka, "what will become of me? I cannot absent myself from court.—It would create suspicion.—Assist me, oh, Heaven!"

Annouschka now implored the aid of her lady, in replacing the corpse in the chest. Vaninka turned ghastly pale; but conscious of the danger, assisted to raise the body, while Annouschka, supporting the legs, lifted it gently into the chest. She then closed the lid, and locking it, put the key in her bosom. A bundle of linen, which had concealed it from the eyes of the General, was again replaced.

In spite of her anxious night, Vaninka was

punctual, as usual, at her father's breakfast table; unwilling to give him the least grounds for suspicion. From her deathly paleness, she seemed to have emerged from the tomb. The General attributed it to their nocturnal interview.

It was fortunate that Vaninka had announced Fœdor's departure; for not only the General did not seem surprised at his absence, which was an ample justification of his daughter; but pretended to have given him a mission. Vaninka avoided her room till the hour of dressing for that very court, to which, only a week before, she had been accompanied by the unfortunate Fœdor!

Vaninka need not have accompanied her father; but she feared, in the first place, giving him cause for anxiety who, probably, would have remained at home, and rendered the carrying away of the body more difficult; and, in the second, she would not meet the eyes of Ivan, and have to blush before a slave. She

resolved, therefore, to make a super-human effort; and retiring to her chamber, accompanied by her faithful Annouschka, dressed herself in the chamber of death, as magnificently as if her heart had been gay and joyful.

When attired for court, she ordered Annouschka to bolt the door. For she was resolved to see Fœdor for the last time, and bid a fond farewell to him she loved. Annouschka obeyed, and Vaninka, dazzling with jewels, but cold and pale as a statue, advanced like a phantom towards the chest.

Annouschka having opened it again, Vaninka, without shedding a tear, or heaving a sigh, but with the profound composure of despair, stooped towards Fœdor, took off a simple ring from his finger, and placing it betwixt two magnificent ones on her own, kissed him on the forehead saying—

"Farewell, my betrothed.—Fare thee well in this world!"—

Steps were now heard in the corridor—a

servant coming from the General to inquire if his daughter were ready.

Annouschka, therefore, quickly closed the chest; and Vaninka, opening the door herself, followed the messenger, leaving her faithful attendant and foster-sister, to accomplish the appalling task she had undertaken.

A moment afterwards, the carriage containing the General and his daughter, rolled out of the court. After waiting half an hour, Annouschka went down stairs in search of Ivan, and found him drinking with Gregory; to whom the General had made good his promise of the thousand roubles, and his liberty.

They were but at the onset of their merry making; so that Ivan was capable of comprehending the secret she had to confide to him; and followed Annouschka into her mistress's chamber, where she made known to him Vaninka's generous intentions towards him, for which the enjoyment of a few glasses of brandy had already predisposed him to be

grateful. Russians are essentially sentimental in their cups; and Ivan professed his devotion in such boundless terms, that Annouschka, no longer hesitating, opened the chest, and pointed to the body of Fœdor.

At this dreadful apparition, Ivan stood transfixed; but took courage quickly, perceiving the source of profit it must be to him to become possessor of so important a secret.—He swore, without hesitation, by all the saints in the Kalendar never to betray his young mistress; and, as Annouschka had anticipated, offered to rid them of their dreadful charge.

The thing was easy enough. Instead of returning to drink with Gregory and his companions, Ivan prepared a sledge loaded with straw, under which was concealed a crow-bar, and having stationed it ready at the door, unobserved by any one, he carried the body away, and laid it under the straw; then going out of the gate of the hotel, followed

the Nevski Perspective as far as the church of Znamenie, then the quarter of the Rejestwenskoi, driving his sledge to the middle of the Neva, opposite to the deserted church of the Holy Magdalen. There, in the dead of night, he with his crow-bar perforated the ice, and made a hole sufficiently large to thrust the body head foremost into the current, which would soon carry it to the gulph of Finland.

An hour afterwards, the wind having formed another coat of ice, there remained scarcely a trace of the operation !

At midnight, Vaninka and her father returned.

Heated by fever throughout the evening, she had never appeared more beautiful, or been the object of greater admiration.

Annouschka was waiting in the hall; to whom Vaninka, in handing her a cloak, hazarded an inquiring and anxious look.

" All is safe," said her foster-sister, in an under tone.

Vaninka breathed freely again, as if her bosom had been relieved of a mountain.

However great her self-possession, she could no longer support the presence of her father; but declaring herself fatigued, begged to be allowed to retire.

Upon reaching her room, she tore the flowers from her hair, the jewels from her bosom, and throwing herself upon the bed, gave vent to her painfully suppressed grief! Annouschka thanked God for this expansion of feeling; for her mistress's deliberate calmness drove her to despair!

Vaninka then fell on her knees and prayed; and afterwards, at the earnest supplication of her attendant, lay down to rest. Annouschka sat at the foot of the bed. Neither of them slept. But Vaninka found relief in unceasing tears.

Ivan, meanwhile, was not forgotten; but lest too considerable a sum of money should create suspicion in a slave, whenever he wanted

money, he was told to ask for it. Gregory, profiting by his liberty, established himself in a small public house, near the canal outside the town; where, thanks, to his numerous acquaintances, he carried on a thriving business, and the Red House, for such was the name and colour of the inn, enjoyed a brilliant reputation.

Another serf succeeded to his functions with the General; and with the exception of the absence of Fœdor, every thing went on as usual at Count Tchermayloff's.

Two months elapsed, without any one conceiving the least suspicion of what had occurred; when, one morning, previous to the hour of breakfast, the General sent for his daughter.

Vaninka trembled with fear; for since the fatal night, everything presented a cause for terror. Still, she summoned her courage, and proceeded promptly to her father's study. The Count was alone; but at the first glance, she

clearly saw there was no cause for alarm. The General received her with the kind expression, which, when with his daughter, formed the characteristic of his countenance. She therefore went up to him with her usual composure, and inclining, kissed him affectionately on the forehead.

Her father, bidding her be seated, handed her a letter already open; and Vaninka looked anxiously at the Count, then again at the letter, which contained news of the death of him to whom her hand was promised!—The young man had been killed in a duel!—

The General watched the effect of this account; and however great the self-command of Vaninka, such acute remorse overwhelmed her on learning she was free, that she could not suppress her emotion. The General perceived it, and attributed all to the attachment she had so long entertained for his young aide-de-camp.

"Come!" said he smiling, "I see all is for the best!"

"How so, dear father?"

"Why did not Fœdor leave us, on account of his attachment for you?"—

"Yes, father!" murmured Vaninka.

"Well then, he may now return!"

Vaninka stood mute and trembling.

"Return?"—faltered she, after a pause.

"I trust so," replied the General. "There is some one I think, in the house, who must know where he is. Find out, my child, and I will do the rest."

"Nobody knows where Fœdor is,—no one but God!" faltered Vaninka.

"Has he not been heard of since the day he disappeared?" inquired the General, hastily.

Vaninka made a negative sign of the head. Her heart was so convulsed that she could not articulate.

Her father looked dejected.

"Do you not fear some catastrophe?" inquired he of Vaninka.

"I fear that happiness is no longer possible for me in this world!" exclaimed Vaninka, sinking under the pressure of her despair. "Allow me to retire, dear father,—I am too wretched to say more!"—

The General, seeing in this exclamation, only the simple admission of her love, tenderly kissed his daughter, and allowing her to retire; still hoping, in spite of Vaninka's despair, that it would be possible to discover Fœdor.

That very day, he went to the Emperor, and related to him the ardent attachment of Fœdor for his daughter; imploring that, since death had freed him from his engagement, he might be allowed to dispose of his daughter's hand. The Emperor consented. The General next solicited another favour; and Paul being that day in a gracious mood, granted all. The General stated that, for two months past,

Fœdor had disappeared, and that they were all in complete ignorance as to where he was. He therefore entreated his Imperial Majesty to institute inquiries for his discovery; and the Emperor immediately ordered the minister of police to take the necessary steps.

Six weeks passed away without any result. Vaninka since the reading of the letter, had become much more dejected. In vain did the General try to inspire her with hope. Every word he uttered, served only to increase his child's despair. At length, he refrained from talking further to her of Fœdor.

Among the dependents of the family it was otherwise; for he was much beloved by them, and with the exception of Gregory, not one but wished him well. Since they found that he had not absented himself on the General's business, the subject was the constant topic of the establishment.

There was another place where his mysterious absence was the constant theme of dis-

cussion; and this was the sign of the Red House.

Since the day of his mysterious departure, the suspicions of Gregory had been increasing. He felt certain of having seen Fœdor enter the apartment of Vaninka; and unless he had gone forth during his interview with the General, he could not imagine how her father had not fallen in with Fœdor. Another thing that struck him as having some coincidence with the event, was the unusual prodigality of Ivan. But though a serf, he was the brother of the foster-sister of Vaninka; so that without being positive, Gregory suspected the origin of his wealth. A fact that tended to confirm his suspicions was, that Ivan who was become his best customer, never mentioned the name of Fœdor; and remained scrupulously silent whenever questioned on the subject. He generally evaded the conversation by saying, "Let us talk of something else!"

Under these circumstances, the feast of the

Epiphany arrived; an important festival at St. Petersburg, for on that day, takes place the Benediction of the waters. Vaninka was present at the ceremony; and being exhausted from fatigue, remained at home all the evening, so that Ivan the coachman, was able to repair to his favourite haunt, the Red House.

It was crowded; and Ivan's arrival was hailed with enthusiasm, his pockets being generally full. On this occasion, his comrades were not disappointed; for scarcely had he sat down, when he rang sorok kopecks on the table, to the great joy of his loose companions.

Gregory instantly appeared with a bottle in each hand; knowing that when Ivan treated, there was double profit, seeing that he both sold and drank his share. He was as usual pressed by Ivan to join their joyous party.

The subject of general conversation was their state of servitude; having in all, but four days in the year to rest from their eternal labour,

so that their envy of Gregory's freedom may be well imagined.

"No matter!" said Ivan upon whom the spirits began to produce their effect; "there are serfs still freer than their masters!"

"What mean you?" inquired Gregory pouring out more brandy.

"By free, I mean more happy!" replied Ivan eagerly.

"That is difficult to prove!" said Gregory with an air of doubt.

"Why so? No sooner do our masters come into the world, than they are confided to two or three pedants, a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman. Whether the youth like it or not, he must remain in their society until he is seventeen; and learn their three brutal languages, in preference to our beautiful Russian. Next, he must be a soldier, where, if a lieutenant he is the slave of the one above him; when a captain the slave of the major; and so on to the Emperor, who is the slave of no one,

but, who some fine day is waylaid, strangled, or poisoned. In private life, it is different. The young lord marries a wife he barely knows, who engrosses all his time. If poor, he must find subsistence for his family; if rich, submit to be cheated by all who serve him. Is that the life of a freeman? Whereas when *we* come into the world, the only pain we give, concerns our mother; the next concerns our master, who must feed us, give us work, and when we are ill, cure us for nothing —for should we die, we are a dead loss to him! Then, we have four meals a day, and a comfortable stove to sleep on at night. Are we in love? Our marriage is never prevented, but encouraged by our master, in order that he may possess more serfs. I should like to know which are the happiest, the lords or the serfs?

"True enough!" murmured Gregory, helping him to more brandy; "but with all that, you are not free!"

"Free to do what?" inquired Ivan.

" To go where and when you will !"

" I ?—as free as air !"

" Free as air, say you ?"—

" Ay—I have a good master and a kind mistress," continued Ivan, " I have only to ask and—But enough !" said he with a wild smile, " I must go home sober to-night !"—

" That you may return and drink to-morrow !" said Gregory.

" I will come back to-morrow" said Ivan.

" You promise ?" replied Gregory.

" The fact is, Ivan is the favourite of Mademoiselle Vaninka," said another serf of the General, who was present, and who had largely partaken of Ivan's generosity.

" Nevertheless !" observed Gregory, " the money will fail you some day or other !"

" Never !" exclaimed Ivan, swallowing another glass of brandy, " never as long as there is a kopeck in the purse of Mademoiselle !"

" I did not think her so generous !" said Gregory.

" You have a bad memory, my fine fellow! You have reason to know that she does not reckon with her friends—the knout to wit!"

" I alluded to her money, of which I have not yet seen the colour!"

" Well then! look at the colour of mine?" said Ivan becoming more and more inebriated. " Here are some of her kopecks for you!" said he, dashing them on the table, " blue notes, red notes, white if you like—worth fifty roubles—Here is to her health!"

Gregory now offered him another glass of brandy, which he quickly swallowed.

" But money, money!" observed Gregory, " Is it a compensation for contempt?"—

" *Who* despises me?" cried Ivan, " *you* because you are free?—pretty liberty indeed!—I prefer being a well-fed serf to a starving freeman!"

" I mean the contempt of one's masters,!" replied Gregory.

" The contempt of one's master? Ask Alexis,

or Daniel yonder whether Mademoiselle Vaninka despises me!"—

"The fact is," replied the two serfs, "Ivan must have some charm—for he is treated like a lord."

"Because he is the brother of Annouschka." said Gregory.

"Perhaps so!" said the two slaves.

"For that—or some other reason,—no matter!"

"But if your sister were to die?" persisted Gregory.

"Were my sister to die, she would be a loss, for she is a dutiful girl—here's to her health; but were she to die, it would make no difference as regards me! It is I they respect, and they respect me because they fear me.—Ha! ha! ha!"

"Mademoiselle Vaninka is afraid of my lord Ivan!—good!" cried Gregory. "Perhaps we shall some day hear of the Lord Ivan giving orders, instead of receiving them!"

"Perhaps you may," said Ivan.

"Hear him, my good friends, hear him!" cried Gregory.

"Ay, ay!—he was ever a boaster,"—said the other serfs, reduced to monosyllables.

"Instead of perhaps, then, I say for certain!"—cried the drunken boor.

"May I live to see the day!" cried Gregory.

"Send away yonder fellows, who are as drunk as pigs, and you shall see it when you please."

"Send them away?" said Gregory; "you are joking!—Not I!—I cannot afford to lose my customers."—

"How much can they drink of this abominable stuff before midnight, when you must close?" demanded Ivan.

"Twenty roubles worth, at least."

"Here are thirty. Send them away, that we may be alone."

"My friends," said Gregory, pulling out his watch, "it is near twelve. You know the regulations of the police. You must retire."

Like all Russians, accustomed to passive obedience, they withdrew without a murmur; so that Gregory, Ivan, and two other serfs alone remained.

"And now we are alone," said Gregory, "what will you do?"—

"What would you say if, in spite of the late hour and the cold, though we are but slaves, Mademoiselle Vaninka quitted her father's house to come and drink a cup to our healths?"

"That you had better tell her to bring a bottle of brandy with her; for no doubt, that in her father's cellar is better than mine."

"I will answer for that!" said Ivan, already well acquainted with it. "She shall bring more than one, depend upon it."

"You are mad, Ivan!" cried Gregory.

"He is mad certainly!" exclaimed the others.

"Am I forsooth?" replied Ivan. Will you make a bet?"—

"What will you risk?"—

"Two hundred roubles against as much liquor as I can drink during the next year."

"Done!" said Gregory.

"Are we of the party?" inquired the two Mougiks."

"To be sure," replied Ivan; "and for their sake, we will reduce the term to six months. Do you agree?"

"Agreed!" said Gregory.

And having shaken hands, the bargain was confirmed.

The self-assurance of Ivan confounded the witnesses of this singular scene; then throwing on his furred caftan, he departed. In half an hour, he returned.

"Well?" exclaimed Gregory, and the other two serfs.

"She is following me!" replied Ivan, coolly.

The three tipplers were mute with amazement. But Ivan resumed his place quietly among them, poured out another cup full, and raising his glass, cried out,

"To the health of our young mistress; it is

the least we can do for her condescension in visiting us this cold snowy night."

"Annouschka," said a female voice outside, "knock at the door, and ask Gregory if any of our people are within."

Gregory and the two slaves were petrified on recognizing the voice of Vaninka. As to Ivan, he lolled in his chair with boundless assurance.

Annouschka now opened the door, and as Ivan announced, they saw the snow falling in heavy flakes without.

"My brother, Madam, is here," said the attendant, "besides Daniel and Alexis."

Vaninka entered.

"My friends," said she, with an incoherent smile, "I heard you were drinking to my health, and am come to return you toast for toast. Here is some old brandy from France, out of my father's cellar. Hold forth your cups!"

Gregory and the two serfs obeyed in wonder, whilst Ivan advanced his cup with the most

perfect assurance. Vaninka filled each of the cups to the brim, and as they hesitated, exclaimed,

"Come, my good friends!—To my health!"

"Hurra, hurra!" cried the drunkards, set at ease by the easy familiarity of their young mistress, and having drunk off the spirit, Vaninka filled their cups once more, then placed the bottle upon the table. "Finish it, my friends," said she. "With Gregory's permission, Annouschka and I will stand near the stove until the storm is over."

Gregory attempted to rise, but completely intoxicated, sank down, vainly endeavouring to make an excuse.

"No matter; do not disturb yourselves, pray! Drink on, my friends," cried the young lady.

They obeyed; every man emptied the cup before him. Scarcely, however, had Gregory swallowed his, when he fell senseless from the table.

"It is well!" murmured Vaninka. "The opium does its work."

"But what is your intention?" inquired Annouschka.

"You shall see," replied Vaninka. "And oh! that it should have been brought to this!"—

The two Mougiks were not long in following the example of the master of the house, and fell down side by side. Ivan stood out the last, trying to keep off sleep by singing a drinking song. But his tongue soon refused its office, his eyes closed against his will, and while making his last efforts, he sank down by the side of his companions.

Immediately Vaninka rose, and looking at these men with eyes of fire, and calling to each successively without their answering, she clapped her hands, and with wild accents, exclaimed,

"The hour is come!"—

Proceeding to the extremity of the room,

she seized a bundle of straw, and distributed trusses in every corner of the room; then taking a flaring piece of wood from the stove, set fire to the four corners of the Red House.

"What are you doing?" inquired Annouschka, in consternation, trying to stop her.

"I am burying our secret!" replied Vaninka.

"But my brother—my poor brother!" exclaimed the unfortunate girl.

"Your brother is a villain, and has betrayed us. Either he or we must have been sacrificed!"—

"Oh! my poor brother!"

"You are free to die with him," said Vaninka, rejoiced to see the despair caused by her fraternal love.

"But we are surrounded, Mademoiselle, by the flames."

"Let us begone then," cried Mademoiselle Tchermayloff; and dragging away Annouschka

she closed and locked the door, flinging the key into the snow.

"In the name of Heaven, let us return home," said Annouschka. "I can no longer behold this dreadful spectacle."

"No, let us tarry here!" said Vaninka, grasping her foster-sister with superhuman force. "Let us witness the complete destruction of the house, and the oblivion of our secret."

"Almighty God!" exclaimed Annouschka, "have mercy on my brother!"

"Yes, yes—pray—pray fervently," cried Vaninka. "It is their bodies, not their souls, I would doom to perdition! Pray, for I dare not."

The conflagration was brief. The house being built of pine wood, as is usual in that country, the flames quickly shot up; and soon, nothing remained but a mass of burning embers.

Vaninka watched, with eager eye, the pro-

gress of destruction, trembling lest some spectre should rush from the flames. On seeing the roof fall in, free from further fear, the guilty woman returned to the house of her father; which, thanks to the precaution of Annouschka, they entered unperceived.

The next day, the burning of the Red House formed the topic of conversation in St. Petersburg. The four bodies of the serfs, half consumed, were extricated from the ruins; and as the three which belonged to the General were missing, it was not doubtful that they were those of Daniel, Ivan, and Alexis. As to the fourth, it was soon recognised as that of Gregory.

The cause of the fire remained a mystery to all. The house was isolated, and the snow so violent, that women could not be supposed to be out. Vaninka was sure of her foster-sister. Her secret, therefore, died with Ivan. Fear now gave way to remorse. The girl, so inflexible in her projects of vengeance, sank

beneath the remembrance of it. She imagined that by disburthening her bosom of her crime to a priest, she might relieve herself from this insupportable penance; and, therefore, sought out a Papa known for his great benevolence, and confessed to him all that had happened.

The priest was confounded by the recital! Divine mercy is boundless, but that of man finite. The priest refused his absolution to Vaninka! This terrible decree excluded Vaninka from the Holy table, a circumstance which could be only attributed to some unusual fault or crime.

Vaninka fell at the feet of the priest; and in the name of her father, who would be dishonoured by her shame, supplicated him to be more merciful in his judgment.

The priest reflected, and thought he had found means of conciliating all, by decreeing that she should approach the holy table with the other young maidens; but that, in approaching her, instead of offering to her the

holy sacrament, he would merely say, "pray and weep," while the bystanders would be deceived by appearance.

This was the only concession Vaninka could obtain.

The confession took place about seven in the evening; when the obscurity of the church and the utter solitude, made it more impressive. The priest returned pale and trembling home; where his wife was anxiously expecting him.

On perceiving her husband, she shuddered to see him so wan and care-worn; when he tried to calm her anxiety. But in so doing, he increased her fears, and she tried in vain to discover the cause of this emotion. Having heard that her mother was ill, she imagined, (as it was Monday an ill-omened day with Russians,) that there must be some fatal news, and burst into tears, exclaiming, "My mother is dead!"

Vainly did her husband strive to convince her that such was not the cause of his agitation;

but his poor wife absorbed by one idea, reiterated, "Alas! my poor mother is dead."

To undeceive her, the Papa at length admitted that his emotion proceeded from a confession he had just heard. Still, his wife fancied it an artifice to conceal the misery awaiting her; and her agitation becoming more and more intense, her husband could no longer keep the secret, but betrayed the sacred secret of the confessional.

The day of the sacrament arrived, and the church of St. Simeon was crowded by the faithful. Vaninka knelt at the balustrade before the sacred table; while behind her, stood the General and his aides-de-camps, and further on, their household attendants.

Unfortunately, the wife of the priest, a feeble and superstitious woman, was full of curiosity to behold the heroine of this terrible adventure. Armed with conscious superiority over the guilty Vaninka, she kept pressing forward so inquisitively to witness the scene

betwixt her husband and his penitent at the solemn moment, that at length, one of the domestics of the General unceremoniously repelled her nearer approach. Being a woman of mean appearance, and holding a child by the hand, little ceremony was used towards her by the privileged attendants of the haughty Mademoiselle Tchermayloff.

The wife of the Papa, irritated at being thrust rudely aside, and still more so by a cry uttered by her child, who was trampled in the throng, at length, indulged in exclamations of scorn regarding the guilty Vaninka in whose behalf she was thus treated, which reached the ears of Mademoiselle Tchermayloff even as she stood at the foot of the altar!

In another moment, she lay senseless on the ground!

* * * * *

The following decree of the Emperor Paul, which is copied literally from the work of Monsieur Dupré St. Marie, who was resident

in Russia, at the epoch of this dreadful discovery, contains such glimmerings of reason and justice as might have been expected from a man of his peculiar intellect.

Immediately on receiving from his unfortunate daughter an avowal of her crime, General Tchermayloff threw himself at the feet of his Imperial master, to make a full admission of the truth. Before he quitted the presence of Paul, the Emperor decided as follows:

1.—The Papa having violated the secrets of the confessional, is stripped of his gown, and banished with his wife to Siberia.

2.—Annouschka is banished to Siberia, for not having apprized the General of the conduct of his daughter.

3.—Vaninka Tchermayloff, as the daughter of a brave man who has devoted his whole life to his country, is permitted to enter a convent of the strictest rules that exist in Russia,—where her guilty conscience will inflict the severest punishment."

So severe indeed was the punishment it inflicted, that, within six months, the broken hearted criminal was laid in the grave.

Her father survived long enough to be killed at the battle of Austerlitz.

The site of the Red House is still shown to foreign visitors at St. Petersburg, as illustrative of the strange destinies and lawless dispositions of the beautiful Vaninka.

DEFAMATION.

DEFAMATION.

CHAPTER I.

In the time of Maximilian XXIV, the chateau of Offenbach, was a gay and brilliant residence. The Prince of Isenbourg, on succeeding to the title and possessions of his father, had made a precipitate marriage; and after remaining attached to his wife for about six months, appropriated to her use a residence about two miles from his palace. Since that demi-divorce, (which he did not always respect, making occasional visits to the castle of the beautiful Landgravine,) Maximilian led a gay life with his young and brilliant companions; to the great scandal of the good

burghers of Offenbach. But their strictures upon the Prince's proceedings never went beyond their usual domestic circle; and had the public voice been canvassed, there would have been the most unanimous approbation of the noble character and exceeding moral worth of the Landgrave of Isenbourg.

The harshest criticism they ever adventured, was to desire for their sons a tenderer conscience than the Prince of Isenbourg, and for their daughters a happier destiny than that of Clementine, the forsaken Landgravine.

One night, a word from the royal lips of Maximilian brightened the gloomy faces of the young noblemen of his court. They were about to retire to rest after a hard day's hunt, and above all, without their usual cards, in the green drawing-room, where the Prince was in the habit of dispensing with the etiquette observed in the state apartments; when the Landgrave observed,

"I am about to visit the Princess Clementine—and alone."

In another moment, he was on horseback, in the court of the castle; when his eyes met those of Rodolph de Hatzfeld, his favourite companion among his young friends. The

Prince looked at him with a smile, which was not returned. Maximilian had deprived him of an evening's pleasure.

"I am thinking, gentlemen," said the Landgrave, "that we might as well all sup together. What say ye?"

"With all my soul, Prince," cried Rodolph. "It is the first cheering word we have heard to-day. No more of the Landgravine."

"Come then, and hold my horse's head while I dismount," cried the Prince; "and you, Baron, give instructions for supper."

The allusions of the Count of Hatzfeld to his wife, had wounded the heart of Maximilian by reminding him of the wrongs of the Princess; but no sooner had they assembled in the green chamber, than the joys of the table subdued his remorse. The mirth of his guests, and the happy freedom of the conversation, restored the Prince to his usual good humour. He was the first to laugh at his idea of his visit to the Landgravine; of whom, for six months past, he had scarcely thought a moment.

The guests sat down round a large table; and then only did they perceive the absence of one of the accustomed guests of these impromptu feasts. There stood his empty seat.

"Otto is absent," cried the Prince. "But we must positively have him. Let some one go seek him. If he be not at home, let them search the town till they find him."

"Ay, ay, bring him bound hand and foot, if necessary. We cannot do without him," cried all the rest.

Ten servants immediately went in search of the truant. Otto was about the same age as the Landgrave; and both chief counsellor of the throne, and constant sharer of the Prince's pleasures. During the noisiest orgie, however, a cloud was often seen upon his face, while he contemplated with a sneer the joyous excitement of Maximilian's young companions. But this gravity, defying the lively sallies of his friends, diverted the Landgrave; and never did he feel more amused, than when the gloomy constrained look of his favourite minister opposed its influence to their exhilaration and joy.

The presence of Otto was indispensable to the suppers of the Prince. Without the young minister, no shade to the picture, no emotion for the Landgrave. And then what a triumph for Maximilian, when he succeeded in deceiving the sobriety of his friend, by changing his decanter of water for some bright and limpid

wine! It did not do to exceed a certain limit; Otto having declared that he only frequented these suppers from respect to the Prince's authority; and that, from the day on which they should dare to compromise the dignity of his character, they might cease to number him among the guests of the green chamber.

In spite of this declaration, the change of the decanters was often resorted to; and still, Otto appeared at the suppers. He was often indeed the first to provoke such meetings; and at court, it was whispered that "the bear was civilizing, and Cato becoming Epicurus." The bear did not, however, humanise his countenance, which was as gloomy as ever, and his looks as forbidding.

The messengers sent in search of the minister, did not find him at home. At first, his secretary assured them that his lord was engaged; but upon being pressed, he was obliged to confess the truth.

"So then," said Maximilian, "my suspicions are confirmed. My sage minister is got entangled in the meshes of one of the fair ladies of my court. He would not betray the secret; but we must have it out of him."

Maximilian then made a list of the ladies he thought capable of such a triumph.

"Let us divide the list," said Rodolph of Hatzfeld; "and each of us make known to one of those ladies, that his highness is waiting for the advice of Otto for a most important state affair."

"Done!" they all exclaimed. "Otto has proved his want of confidence in us. Let us turn the tables on him."

The investigation, divided among so many emissaries, could not delay the supper more than an hour; and the sequel seemed to promise so much diversion to the Prince, that he readily agreed to their project.

At the close of an hour, the dissolute friends of Maximilian returned to the castle, with a rich store of amusing anecdotes to enliven the Prince's supper, concerning their search; but Otto remained undiscovered. Vainly had Rodolph invaded the privacy of the boudoir of the pretty Baroness of Rœdelheim, and scarcely escaped the sword of her angry spouse, furious in being detected in a conjugal game of piquet with his wife. Rodolph had the greatest difficulty in persuading the old

Baron that, having met no one to question, he had ventured this intrusion in search of the minister, who might possibly have been admitted to their domestic circle. The Baron bowed him out, with indignation.

While the Prince's friends were searching the Residence far and near, injuring the reputation of several noble ladies, and raising anxious conjectures in the minds of their husbands, provoking the indignation of the prudes, and probably their jealousy of the mysterious object of the minister's idolatry, his secretary, a faithful and discreet servant, mounted his horse and quickly set out for the Château of the Princess Clementine: delivered a sealed paper to one of the women of the Landgravine, and immediately returned on foot toward Offenbach.

The devoted servant of the minister had not proceeded far, when the gallop of a horse pursuing the same road as himself, was heard at a distance; and in a few moments, he recognised his master, whom he followed; directing him in a low voice, though the night was obscure, and the road deserted.

"This way Sir," said he, "to the left—to the right—through the bushes—across the brook

—take the ditch—Good!—never fear, they shall take my life rather than your secret. See, Sir! the lights of the city! We shall be at home before they have a suspicion."

Otto's secretary continued to run by his side; but upon arriving at the entrance of a wood, he held the horse by the head with one hand, while with the other he pushed away the branches. No obstacle could impede his progress. He conducted his master's horse through brooks and rugged paths, stumbling every moment. At length, looking back in the distance from which he came, Otto ventured to murmur,

"What a misfortune! It may cost her her life! What must I say? what lie shall I invent?

At length, they reached the gates of the town; when Otto dismounted, not having time even to thank his faithful secretary; grasping his hand without pronouncing a word of acknowledgment. But in the safety of his master, this devoted servant had already found sufficient compensation.

Wrapped in his cloak, Otto pursued his way through the streets, ruminating a thousand projects for his excuses to the Prince. On

approaching the palace, it was the hour when the laborious mechanics of Offenbach lay down their tools, doff their aprons, and rest themselves after fifteen hours' work. The minister beheld the successive extinguishing of the furnaces, and the lighting of the iron lamps. The thumps of the heavy hammers had ceased. Mothers beckoned their sportive offspring within, and closed the doors. Still, the minister, undecided in his plan, sought a plausible pretext for his absence.

Only a short and narrow street intervened between him and the palace; when, raising his eyes towards Heaven, as if to seek a happy inspiration, he perceived at the window in the third story of a mean-looking house, a flickering light shining through the white curtains of a garret window. Before this dwelling, sat a boy of seven or eight years of age, upon a stone. Otto still hesitating, looked again at the only light appearing the full length of the street; and advanced towards the sleeping boy, who started up.

"What are you doing here, my poor little fellow?" said he, tapping him gently on the shoulder. The child rubbed his eyes, and replied, "I was sleeping, Sir, while waiting

for my mother, who is gone to fetch my father's supper. If you want her, she will be here directly."

"Can you tell me," inquired Otto "pointing to the lighted window, "who inhabits that room?"

"Oh, yes! It is Helena, the embroideress, who is waiting for her brother Hugo, and her intended, Anselm Werner. A pretty girl, I promise you! and I am invited to the wedding."

"The occasion is favourable," muttered Otto, struck with a sudden idea. "A young girl alone—this child for a witness. I have no alternative." Then, raising his voice, "Do you think, you young varlet, that I am not a match for you?" said he. "You were pretending to sleep, the better to watch me."

"I, Sir? Why, I am yawning now," cried the child. "I assure you I was dead asleep."

"That won't do; and mind, if you ever dare say you saw me come out of that house."—The child looked bewildered. "You saw me, I know!" said Otto. "But here is something to keep your tongue quiet."

Otto now took some florins out of his pocket. The child eyed the money without daring to touch it, though he had the strongest desire.

A noise of footsteps was heard, and the little fellow looked round.

"There is my mother," said he.

Upon which, the minister slipped the florins into his hand, repeating—

"Above all, beware how you own that you saw me come out of Helena's lodgings."

Otto now pursued his way to the palace. Rodolph de Hatzfeld, and some other young courtiers, arrived at the same time, humiliated by their ill-success.

Rodolph, afar off, recognising the minister, ran towards him, crying out to his friends,

"We have him—he shall not escape us !"

Otto now found himself surrounded by the Prince's companions. Overwhelmed by questions—smarting under their mockery—assailed on all sides, he replied—

"You shall know from whence I come, only in the presence of his highness."

"Right !" cried Rodolph. "Let us all go to his highness !"

The young men preceded Otto to the green

chamber, in which their exclamations of joy were heard long before they arrived.

"Well!" said the Landgrave, smiling, "to which of our great ladies must we yield the palm? What lucky duchess has succeeded in taming our savage?"

These words, uttered by the Prince, fell like a crushing weight upon the heart of Otto; and he shuddered and turned pale. Fortunately, his agitation was unobserved. His presence of mind returned, and he resolved to answer with assurance the inquiries of the merry guests.

"To own the truth, Sir," said Rodolph, "our researches completely failed. It is not in any house of the Residence we can hope to find him. It is true we only visited those of the great ladies."

"Perhaps," said Otto, affecting to smile, "you might have been more fortunate, had you looked somewhat lower."

"Higher, or lower?"—significantly inquired Rodolph.

Otto was silent.

The Landgrave looked reproachfully at the Count of Hatzfeld.

"Spare, I beg of you, the names of those

we respect. There are none superior to the ladies alluded to, but her Serene Highness my mother—"

Rodolph suppressed his inclination to laugh.

Maximilian continued,

"The Princess Jane, and the Landgravine, my wife."

This reprimand to the incautious Count Rodolph, pleased the minister. They now sat down. After the first course, the Landgrave made a sign to the servants, who retired. The conversation was then resumed, the young minister having nothing more to fear.

"So!" exclaimed Maximilian. "It is not possible then to discover the mysterious object, of our friend's passion?"

"No, Prince; but Otto has promised to conceal nothing—so that your highness has only to interrogate him."

"Let me beg of you to dispense with my confession," interrupted the other.

"And why?" cried the Landgrave. "Is not my court, a court of gallantry? You know, Otto, that among us there are no secrets. We all agree in revealing everything—if it be only for the sake of avoiding rivalship.

"We can never be rivals. I know that you do not love her who has captivated me."

"Explain yourself more clearly; a truce to reserve! You promised to divulge all.—You must keep your word."

"Is your Highness so much interested in the matter? Believe me that were I attached to any one of the ladies who try the influence of their charms upon our circle, I would instantly name her, that the others might not be suspected."

"The one you admire, then, does not come to the palace? Good!—we have learnt something. Proceed!"

"No! it is useless to press me—I will not divulge my secret."

"Then she must be disgracefully ugly!" observed Rodolph. "I guessed as much!"

"Ay, frightful!" exclaimed all the others, enumerating the different degrees of ugliness, and all the deformities of nature with which they could endow the idol of their friend.

"You are now bound to make her known to us, or be deemed a disloyal felon," cried the Prince.

"This is really a persecution!" exclaimed Otto, delighted in his heart with the turn the conversation had taken. "How do ye know

that it is not more important for me than for her, to preserve the secret of this affair? I confess to you, that the object of my boundless passion does not pretend to a single quartering of nobility. She is a poor workwoman!—Yes, gentlemen, while you were hunting up countesses and baronesses, I was whiling away an hour with a young embroideress. But remember it is in pure confidence I tell you this."—

"And where does this divinity live?" urged Rodolph.

"That I must decline answering.—Let us talk of something else."

"No, no!" said the Prince. "Her address we must have, or I shall not believe a word of the story."

"You would take advantage of it, gentlemen. She is soon to be married, so do not molest her."

"Otto, do you believe my word?" said Maximilian. "Tell us the name of this pretty embroideress, and in that of all my friends, I swear to hold you quits!"

"But for what purpose?"

"That on the day of her marriage, we may

proceed to church, and see this specimen of your taste."

"Yes, gentlemen, we will all go—but with due decorum. Let us respect the poverty of this poor girl," cried Rodolph.

"Ay, ay!" cried the Prince. "It is too much after having enjoyed the affections of Otto, to be obliged to espouse some bumpkin! But her name, I entreat you.—I command it!"

The young minister paused; his conscience reproaching him heavily for divulging a name which chance alone had revealed to him. He had determined upon silence, when a sudden look of the Prince changed his resolution. When again urged, he replied, "Her name is Helena, and she lives in the street of the White Eagle!"

"I should have thought it a more likely abode for cut-throats than pretty women!" observed the Landgrave, laughing; and they all drank to the happiness of the future bride.

CHAPTER II.

The boy in the street of the White Eagle having turned over the florins in his hand, and examined, by the brightness of the moon, the noble effigy they bore, asked himself how it were possible to spend so much money at the approaching fair of Offenbach,—where the best Nuremburg Saints cost only two kreuzers a piece!

When his mother approached, he knew not how to hide his wealth; for he had neither pockets nor stockings, nor were his wooden shoes secure.

"Go in, Fritz!" said the poor woman; "here is your father coming, and his supper not ready. He will scold;—here, take this bottle and porringer."

Poor Fritz dared not lay hold of the porringer, for fear of exposing the money.

"Take it, I say."

"I can't, mother, my hands are already full."

Fritz took off his woollen cap, and placed his treasure carefully within; but on covering his head, he perceived a gold piece lying on the ground.

"Holy Virgin! it rains gold!" cried his mother; "move further, that I may seek by the light of the lamp."

So abruptly did she push the child to examine the piece sparkling upon the ground, that the blow shook the pieces one by one from the woollen cap.—The sum was ten florins!

"A miracle, miracle,!" cried the good woman. "Here is my son melting into gold!"

At this exclamation, two doors suddenly opened.

"Who calls?" cried some one above stairs.

"Come down—come down—here is little Fritz melting into florins," replied the astonished woman.

They did not want to be asked twice; but came down with their wooden candlesticks, and stood astounded at the riches lying at the feet of the child. Interrupted by the cries of his mother every time he was about to speak, Fritz did not know how to explain that this money did not proceed from the devil; but

was given to him by a fine gentleman to silence him upon the subject of Helena.

When one of the women attempted to obtain a closer view of the infernal coin, Fritz's mother withheld her, saying, "Touch it not! your fingers will be burnt!"—The child instantly picked it up.

"You see it does not burn, mother!" said he. "I felt nothing hot when the fine gentleman placed it in my hand!"

"What gentleman? Tell us, Fritz! Speak."

Having picked up all the florins, which his mother tied up carefully in a pocket handkerchief, the child seated himself upon the stone steps and began to narrate how a gentleman wrapt in a cloak had come out of Helena's house, and found him sleeping upon the steps; and how he gave him a handful of money in order that he might not mention that he saw him come out of Helena's house. Not a word did he say of the gentleman waking him up for the purpose of bribing him to silence. The neighbours, the women at least, listened with joy and amazement, opening their eyes and mouths; and Fritz, encouraged by the interest displayed by these good women in his recital, added,

"I think I heard neighbour Helena say

adieu, though I am not quite sure. But it must have been something very important to make that gentleman give me so much money."

"Then you really saw him come out of Helena's house?" again inquired his mother.

"Why, did he not pay me for not seeing him?"

"It was some great lord, be sure of that. Work people like my father do not wear velvet mantles."

"The boy is right. It was some one belonging to the court," said they. "Only think of Helena!—What wickedness!—Who could have suspected her?"—

"I have long had a bad opinion of the girl," said one. "On the point of being married too!—how shameful!"

"Ah, if her poor mother were alive," cried another, "she would cry tears of blood."—

"And her father—he would have killed her. He was such a worthy man."—

"Shall we allow Anselm to make such a marriage as that?—He is my cousin, and shall not disgrace the name of our family."—

"But who can this lord be? Never does Helena go out without her brother or her intended."

"She need not trouble herself to go out, since he comes, when he likes, to see her."

"He is only like all young men. It is for the girls to take care of themselves," added another.

This gossiping would have lasted much longer, if the father of Fritz had not returned.

"What is the matter, neighbours?" inquired George. "No accident I hope?"—

"Only that our boy has made us richer by ten florins," said his wife.

"Ten florins?" exclaimed George. "How came he by so much money?"

Fritz would have been enchanted to relate the story of the nobleman in the velvet mantle over again; but his father cut him short.

"I say, wife, is not my supper getting cold?" said he. "I am hungry. Fritz shall tell me all about it while I am eating my supper; and if he have no right to the florins, I will find a means of returning them to-morrow to their owner."

"Return them?"—exclaimed the child, stepping up stairs with the porringer of supper. "Mother has already got hold of them. They are safe enough now."

While in the green chamber of the Landgrave they were pledging to the health of the minister in love with the girl of low degree, in the family of George the cooper, they were breathing curses upon the work-girl seduced by the great lord!—Meanwhile, poor Helena, on the watch for footsteps on the stairs, sat quietly at her embroidery frame.

"Ah, so much the better! It is not him," murmured she, over her work. "But to-morrow is Sunday, and he will be with me the whole day. And next week, no work!—no, none!—We shall be married on Monday; and I must keep him at home at least eight days."

Resuming her needle more cheerfully, her hand flew over her work, intermingling the capital letter H with the initials of her future bridegroom. Helena was embroidering the nuptial cravat of the fortunate Anselm.

On the eve of the important day, she did not feel the melancholy depression common to the hearts of maidens about to wed. She knew too well the excellent temper and frank sincerity of Anselm, for any idea of fear to trouble her dreams of bliss. For five years, Helena had kept house for her brother and future husband. Nothing would be changed

in the happy existence of the beautiful embroideress. She eagerly wished for the wedding day, because they promised she should dance to her heart's content, and she adored dancing. Besides, she was to have a week's holiday; after which, it was agreed that they should all return to their usual routine in the street of the White Eagle.

They were still to live together; only Anselm would quit the little dark room where he had slept so long, and his brother-in-law would go and occupy his place. It was not from any jealous disquietude that she listened for their steps. She expected them home from work as usual. That day, they were to return home late; but so far from being uneasy, Helena feared lest they should return home before she should have completed the embroidered neckerchief.

She had long been employed clandestinely on this work; and it was with reluctance she concealed anything from Anselm, even for the sake of an agreeable surprise. The clock of the chateau was striking eleven, just as Helena was terminating the cravat. At eleven, Hugh and his future brother-in-law entered the

street, singing; when Helena instantly detected their voices.

"Sing,—sing!"—said the good-natured neighbours, who were still harping upon the mysterious visits of the velvet mantle; "your song will soon be ended."

Helena in her garret also said,

"Sing,—sing!—dear Anselm; you will be more delighted still, when I shew you the beautiful cravat I have worked for you."

The two friends arrived in their garret. The table was laid out with supper, and the cravat wrapt up in white paper, placed upon the plate of her future husband.

"You have had a good day's work, and I too!" said she.—"Anselm, open that paper, and see the surprise I have in store for you!"

Anselm hastened to unfold the paper, while the young girl blushed with joy at seeing him admire the cravat. In the excess of his joy, he rose to embrace Helena.

"Have I your leave, brother?"—said he to Hugh.

"Ay, kiss her," replied he, recharging his pipe. "The labourer is worthy of his hire, and her embroidery deserves a kiss."

Helena presented her cheek, upon which her youthful admirer imprinted a loving salute. They were about to retire; and Helena was merry enough, till the moment when Hugh, shaking the ashes of his pipe, seriously addressed her.

"Listen, children!" said he. "When my good father—God bless his memory—left this world, he said to me, 'I leave you a heavy charge—the care of providing for a young girl, and the protection of her reputation.' Those words did not fall into the ears of a man unmindful of his promises. I swore to become the protector of Helena—to be to her as a father—and am proud to confess that the charge has been but light, thanks to the exemplary conduct of my sister."

Helena listened attentively, while Anselm sat notching the oak table with his knife. Helena now interrupted her brother.

"Why pay me these compliments?" said she. "You have made good your promise to your father, and I, what was due to myself, —to you, and Anselm; so that we have all done our duty, and nothing more."

"No, sister, I have not finished. My father said to me, 'the wife must contribute to the

support of the family ; the husband must render the children worthy the tenderness of their mother. You know it, Hugh.' Listen well, dear sister, it is our dying father speaks !— ' You are aware, my son, that I possess talents and experience ; not those requiring strength of arm, but the knowledge and eloquence indispensable to a lawyer. In defending the fortunes of others against the unworthy designs of bad faith, I neglected my own, and forgot that one must sometimes, with regard to our future interests, do violence to our probity and support the unfounded claims of a rich and powerful client, at the risk of sacrificing the dignity of the gown. The lawyer requires patrons ; and the world is apt to say, ' It is only lost causes that bring disgrace ; or causes gained, that confer honour.' Your grand-father thought otherwise. I wished to preserve, in more adverse times than his, the same severity of principles. I was avoided. I had the reputation of gaining causes not worthy consideration. They seemed ignorant that, in my successes, it was often against a powerful opponent I influenced the judges of my tribunal.—God pardon them !—Six times consecutively was the name of my adverse party

of greater weight in the balance than the just cause which I defended. Contemned by the rich, who triumphed over my eloquence, an object of hatred to those whose ruin I had unwillingly hastened, despised by my colleagues, I began to discover that an honest man was more in his place in the workshop, than at the bar of a tribunal, when he clings to the esteem of his fellow creatures. I then said, My son shall work for his bread; threw away the lawyer's gown, and adopted the workman's apron. Your worthy mother survived but a short time this tardy resolution. I brought you up—had your sister taught a calling; and now, end my days in despair, for in spite of my efforts, I cannot give her a fortune worthy the honest man she has chosen for her husband. I repeat to you, my son, a girl ought to have a dowry.'"

Once more did poor Hugh pause and charge his pipe; his usual custom when trying to suppress a strong emotion, and never did he speak of his father without being profoundly agitated. Helena's tears now trickled down her cheeks. As to Anselm, he still held his knife, but no longer notched the table; the discourse of his friend having absorbed all his

attention. When his brother-in-law had ceased speaking, he took him energetically by the hand.

"Brother," said he, "for so I must now call you—speak no more of marriage portions! Are we not agreed that every Saturday evening, we will contribute the earnings of the week towards the support of the house?—When we shall have laid by sufficient savings, we will open a blacksmith's shop under the firm of Anselm, Werner, and Co."

"Good!" said the brother of Helena. "We will open it then next week, if you will."

"But it is not possible!" said she. "I know the means of Anselm. They are not great; and when I have bought my wedding dress, I shall have little left."

"So it may be with you," continued Hugh. "But you forget *me*. Do you think I would have allowed my sister to marry, if I had not been able to keep the vow I made my father? Helena *shall* have a marriage portion! When I heard him lament his inability to give you one, I swore it, to make his death happier than his life; and as the promises of Hugh Werner are not made to the winds, I have earned

a fortune for my sister. Thank God, neither my will nor my arms have failed me! Look, my children," added he, producing a leather sack. "Count the dollars and rix-dollars, and tell me if they are not better than the surprise of an embroidered cravat?"

The young girl was amazed on seeing the riches displayed by her brother; and clang to the neck of Hugh, who smilingly tried to avoid her caresses.

"You are satisfied!—that's all I want," said he. "Our father must be so, too, if he sees from above that I have fulfilled the double duty he imposed upon me.——It is for you, Anselm, to watch henceforward over her welfare and reputation."

"Hugh," replied Anselm, "you do too much for us. I did not require a fortune with Helena."

"It can do you no harm: and now, suppose we smoke a pipe?"

"It is almost one o'clock," replied Helena; "you are fatigued; let us go to bed!"—

"Good night," said her brother; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, there was no light to be seen through the curtains of the garret window.

The next day was Sunday;—a superb Sunday, with the fine grey sky of Germany, a clouded sun, and the heavy and tepid atmosphere of the last days of summer; a Sunday, such as the men wish for, who pass it in drinking and playing at bowls at the inn; and such as the maidens pray for, that they may saunter under the fine trees of the public walk.

Already were the husbands counting the money to be devoted to the day's pleasure. The little boys were running about the streets, and the maidens preparing for morning church. As to the women, they loitered in groups about the doors, gossipping in every direction. But it was chiefly in the street of the White Eagle that their groups were most numerous and animated; Madame George, the mother of Fritz, relating the story of the ten florins over and over again. She was eagerly listened to; and to every new comer; repeated the conversation of the lord in the velvet mantle with her son, adding some embellishment at every repetition.

The passers-by picked up matter to gratify the curiosity of their neighbours, and circulated the wonderful story of the cooper's wife; and both the amount of the treasure, and of the scandal, augmented as the distance was lengthened from the street in which Helena resided.

"It is not the first time that the lord has been found out, in this neighbourhood, too!" said one. "And, mark my words, this is not the first affair of Helena," said another. "She is as arrant a flirt as lives in the good town of Offenbach."

Not only did they condemn the beautiful embroideress, but there were some among the groups who loudly censured the weakness of the intended bridegroom, and the indifference of the brother to the fair fame of his sister.

As church-time approached, the mothers desired their daughters to avoid all communication with Helena. Not even a sign or gesture was to pass between them. They were to avoid being seen on the same side of the street. The husbands advised their wives to the same effect; and the young men agreed to avoid sitting on the same bench with either the brother or the future bridegroom. With these charitable feelings, they all proceeded to church.

Anselm, Hugh and his sister saw several groups abruptly avoid them upon going into church. The two workmen held forth their hands, but for the first time they received no friendly greeting in return. Anselm frowned, while Hughes observed, in a low voice:—"Be

composed. We are in the temple of God. On going out, we will know what all this means."

Helena likewise found her friendly smile unnoticed; while the forbidding looks of the men and women made her cast down her eyes, though she could not understand the motive of their conduct.

The priest rose in the pulpit, and took for his text, "Touch not pitch, that ye be not defiled!"

Upon hearing these words, those who were near the beautiful Helena retired, so that she remained alone in the centre of a circle!

"Let us go," said her brother; "it is not here this mystery can be explained."

Without ending this menace, he hurried out his sister and her betrothed; all eyes were directed towards her, and she met only the expression of contempt.

Helena sank down at the door of the church, pale and trembling, while Anselm paced to and fro, his arms folded. As to Hugh, he went from one to the other perfectly bewildered and amazed.

The sermon lasted two hours—a dreadful state of suspense for the young family! At last, several maidens came out, whom Helena

addressed by name; but instead of replying, they ran away. Hugh ran after them, and caught one by the arm.

"Let me go, Hugh," said she; "my mother has ordered me to avoid your sister."

The brother of Helena was again about to question her, when he saw his future brother-in-law talking with energy to several young men. Leaving the young girl, he forthwith joined the group formed around his brother. As he arrived, he heard—"Yes, Helena deceives you and your brother, and receives her lover every evening!"

"A lover!" repeated Hugh, in a rage. "Who dares to say so?"

"I, and I!" exclaimed several voices of men and women.

"Witnesses—witnesses!" cried Hugh.

"As many as you will," repeated the neighbours; while Helena, transfixed by such an accusation, could not utter a word of justification. Sobbing, and clasping her hands in despair, she tried to speak; but her voice lost in tears, was quite unintelligible.

His eyes flashing in rage, his face red with indignation, her brother called out to her three several times—

"Answer, thou wretched girl!" said he. "Is this true?"

But she could not articulate a word. Anselm, who till then had vehemently supported his brother-in-law, remained dumb when he heard the accusers of Helena offer to bring proofs of his bride's misconduct. Suspicion attained his heart!—Still, Helena did not answer!

Hugh, still uncertain, held his sister's hand, saying—

"Speak—but speak, then—you *cannot* be guilty! Helena! your brother prays you to confound your accusers."

Seeing her still suffocated by her grief, he added—

"Tears are no answer! I implore you again—have they spoken falsely?—Say that you are pure—that you are yet my sister, Helena? See! Anselm suffers as I do!"

"He doubts me then?" exclaimed the beautiful girl; recovering her utterance, "Then I am too unfortunate, dear brother! for I swear to you I am pure and without reproach."

This avowal relieved the heart of the young workman from cruel torture. He breathed freely again; and, turning to those around him, said, "I knew she was innocent!"

"What proof has she brought?"—murmured those around him, with a suppressed laugh.

Anselm bit his lips, but Hugh took the arm of his sister.

"You say there are witnesses. This day must I see them; and woe be to him who bears false witness against my sister."

With hasty steps Hugh left the place, leading Helena, who dared not look behind her. But as soon as they had reached their garret, her unhappy apprehensions were realized.

"We are alone, brother," said she, in despair, "Anselm has not followed us!"

Hugh looked wildly around him, and listened at the door, but no Anselm appeared.

"He avoids us already!" said the brother, "and I dare not suspect her."

"Oh! you are just—I am innocent! Believe, me brother, it is a calumny of which the motive is incomprehensible. Perhaps it is a mistake; but still a cruel one. Promise me not to share it."

"I swear it to you, by my father, my faith, my God!"

"Thanks, thanks, dear brother, for I deserve not this bitter injury!"

While she thus supplicated on her knees, her brother seemed hesitating.

"And yet they say there are witnesses—proofs! I believe you, Helena. But why—Oh why—do they accuse you? We have never been bad neighbours, or faithless friends. They ought surely to esteem, instead of humiliating us!"

"What have I done in the eyes of God, that I am thus afflicted?" faltered the poor girl, in despair.

Hugh was about to return to the assembled groups when the door opened, and Anselm, pale and trembling, entered the room. Before his future brother-in-law could question him, he took his hand.

"I am come to say farewell, brother!" said he. "I must quit Offenbach! You had best do the same, for I know all. It is but too true! Your sister has deceived us!"

Helena shrieked aloud. Anselm was about to retire, but Hugh detained him by the arm.

"Is it true, Anselm?"

"I have seen the money given as the price of little Fritz's silence."

"How can a mere child be implicated in the supposed crime of Helena?"

"Fritz fell in yesterday with the rascal who took advantage of our absence."

"What infamy!" exclaimed Helena.

"It is too true. The whole town accuses you. No one will speak to you, or even endure your presence, till you have disproved it. It costs me dear to leave you, for I loved you most sincerely! But I will never be the husband of one who does not possess an honest heart!"

"Anselm, take heed of what you say! Remember that you now reject the hand of Helena!"

"I know well what I say. I have heard too much within this last hour. I am lost—my heart is broken! Farewell—I must hasten away! She who bears my name must be respected!"

"Anselm!—you, too, to have been persuaded of my guilt!"—

"It is impossible for me to doubt it, when all well-thinking people agree in condemning you."

"I place more trust in my sister's word than in the chattering of idle gossips," cried Hugh.

"The whole city would not accuse your sister without reason. The pieces of gold given to

Fritz suffice in proof. Inquire of him about the man in the velvet cloak—do you hear, Helena?—the man in the velvet cloak! Adieu! all is over!"

"Shall I not see you again?"

"Never!"

Such was his last word. Hugh would fain have detained him. But he retired abruptly, shutting the door after him.

"Listen, oh listen, Anselm!—leave us not so!" exclaimed Hugh, re-opening the door. But Anselm was gone.

"I shall die!" faltered the young girl. "He never—never loved me!"

The departure of Anselm made a severe infliction upon the heart of Helena's brother, who giving vent to his rage, cursed him as treacherous and ungrateful. Still, an inward feeling prompted him to justify the conduct of his friend.

"Anselm," thought he, "has not merely listened to the suggestions of some malicious gossips. It is not on the pretext of an ill-founded report that he has abandoned his companion in labour, his brother, his friend from infancy. It was not till the whole town re-echoed with the shame of my sister, that he

proscribed himself as if to escape the disgrace of a family to which he was about to belong. He deemed himself contemptible when he found his future bride despised! Had he been vindictive or ungrateful, he would have added his voice to those which calumniated Helena, and have remained in a town where he was sure of employment, as well as consolation in his sorrow. His habits, his personal interests, all tended to detain him at Offenbach. Yet he departed! This must have been both conviction and despair; for he was an honest man, and the tears which he vainly tried to suppress, were a sufficient testimony of his sensibility!"

It was not thus that Helena reasoned. She could only deny the crime which her neighbours offered to prove. After a long silence, interrupted only by the sobbings of the young embroideress, her brother resumed,

"For the last time, sister, tell me, I entreat, whether you be guilty or no!"

Helena was about to answer.

"Wait!" — interrupted her brother; and having opened a large press, he took from one of the shelves a thick volume, which he presented to his sister.

"You know this book? It is the bible, in

which our father taught us to read. All oaths made in the presence of such a witness, are registered in heaven; and we must render account of these at the day of judgment. Dare you swear, upon the page in which is inscribed your birth, that you are free from reproach in this thing?"

Helena wiping her eyes, replied with a firm voice

"I CAN!"—

Hugh looked sternly at his sister, and took down, word by word, the oath as it was uttered.

"And now," said he, "I need no testimony from others. But Anselm must also be convinced of her innocence. I will go forth, Helena, and interrogate those who pretend to have proofs. Fear nothing, I will listen calmly—will weigh their reasons—and trace the source of the calumny; and I promise you to be prudent until I have discovered the author of this vile defamation."

Having several times reassured his sister, who feared some fresh exposure, he went out.

His first care was to seek the boy Fritz, whom he at last discovered in a group of children. Poor Hugh questioned him closely, but the

little fellow had so often repeated the story of the gentleman in the velvet cloak, that he still adhered to his assertions.

"Should you know him, were you to see him again?" inquired Hugh.

"Perhaps;" said the boy, unwilling to be interrupted at his game of marbles.

"But you say he spoke to you?"

"I might know him again, were I to see him. But let me go on playing. It is my turn, and I must knuckle down."

"If I leave you now, you must come with me to-morrow."

"Where?"

"To-morrow you shall know."

Poor Hugh, nothing doubting the uncertainty of Fritz, but equally convinced of the innocence of his sister, had conceived a project not to be revealed to her. He returned home with a calm face, and Helena thought, for a moment, he had succeeded in confounding her accusers.

"What have you done?" inquired she.

"All goes on well;—take courage, Helena," said he.

"Here is a letter from Anselm," said she, in her turn. "I thought I had lost his esteem,

but I was wrong. Read it; you will find he is as much to be pitied as we are."

Hugh then read the letter.

"It is now two hours since I quitted Offenbach, and for two whole hours have I been broken-hearted. Hugh must pardon me if I had not courage to stay and assist him in this unhappy business, but I could not remain in a town where I heard at every step—'There goes Anselm the dupe!'—I shall go far away to seek work in some place where the fault of Helena is unknown—her imputed fault I mean, for now that I am no longer stunned by the murmurs of our neighbours, now that tears have assuaged my grief—my memory returns. I think of the many kindnesses, of the undeviating friendship of these five years past. I remember all that Hugh would have done for me, I remember the embroidered cravat, and then I say, as I always should have said:—the sister of Hugh cannot be guilty!—For a moment, God forgive me, I indeed thought her guilty, having seen the witness who received money to be silent!—God knows from whence came the florins shewn by the cooper George, who is too great a toper to have put by such a sum, and too honest a man to

deny the source from whence it came. I almost seem to doubt again, but for the last time! My friends, for so you will ever be, as soon as I am established elsewhere, I will let you know, for I imagine it will be no more possible for you than me, to live at Offenbach. You can come to me, for our projects may be realised here as well as where you are; and we will forget the past. Wish me courage: for I am in want of it, but *you* will need it more than I, if you determine to remain in a town, in which I never dreamed that we should either of us have cause to blush."

"We will go to him, brother, shall we not?" said Helena as soon as he had read the letter of Anselm.

"We will!" he replied adding in a lower tone, "when my sister shall be proved innocent."

Hugh, who had determined upon the conduct he should pursue, though he said not a word to his sister, took up a book in order to avoid alluding to the painful scene of the morning, and read aloud. Helena, seated near the window, but not daring to look into the street, listened with resignation, an occasional tear rolling down her cheek; above all

when she heard the merry voices of her companions passing under the window proceeding to the dance.

"No one," thought she, "no one has a right to be gayer or happier than I have; yet I am doomed to weep and suffer while *they* laugh and dance."

Thus passed away the evening. Next morning, Hugh went forth, as if to his usual work, but in reality to seek the parents of the boy Fritz.

"It is your child who has been the cause of all this mischief; and it is he who must now assist me," said he. "According to the sum given by the infamous detractor of Helena, he must be a man of wealth; and from his appearance, I have decided, like you, that he must even be a nobleman of the court. You must permit me, therefore, to take Fritz, and we shall station ourselves at the gate of the palace, where we will watch both those who enter and those who come out, whether publicly or privately. God will assist me in my perseverance, and in the end I must discover our enemy. Yes, were it Maximilian himself, he shall restore my sister the fair fame sacrificed by a cowardly lie."

"Have a care, Master Hugh," observed the mother of Fritz; "if he be too powerful a personage, there is no knowing what may happen."

"It matters not," replied the indignant brother; "no human power shall prevent my keeping the oath I made to my father! I swore to defend my sister's fame. Preserve her from calumny I could not; but to seek out the calumniator I am determined."

"At least," said the trembling woman, "do not mix us up in it; it is not our fault if our neighbour Helena have such smart acquaintances; we do not busy ourselves with our neighbours' affairs: we only look to our own."

On hearing this allusion to the intimacy of his sister with some important individual, Hugh felt the blood rush to his face; but he had presence of mind to control his feelings.

"Don't alarm yourself, my good woman," said he; "your name shall not be pronounced. I only tell you, it would have been as well had you been as cautious before you spread so unfounded a report. It would have been more humane had you previously warned me. But I forgive you. One is not master of one's words when under a feeling of indignation. I repeat

to you, therefore, fear nothing; I will not mention your name, even if we go before a court of justice. I make but one condition, which is, that you communicate to no one my project for detecting the slanderer. There is a mystery in all this, of which I shall with difficulty arrive at the source. A word from you might mar my project."

"I promise to be silent, my dear neighbour. But you must tell me all you discover: for your story goes to my heart."

"I have your word then?"

"You may depend upon me, as I upon *you;* to know all."

Fritz, who under fear of a maternal chastisement, promised to keep their purpose secret, now followed Hugh to the door of the palace.

The courtiers were arriving; the attendants passing to and fro in the court-yard; the bustle announcing the appearance of the Landgrave. Poor Hugh, with his eyes fixed on the principal entrance, pointed out every now and then to the child, the different personages as they passed. But the little fellow replied, "No, that is not him!" and again stood watching.

After waiting four hours, the heart of the

workman being in a state of torture, the Landgrave came out of his palace, followed by his courtiers and suite. The boy stood close to Hugh, who gazed at them one by one as they passed. Maximilian came first, and Hugh pointed him out to the boy, who replied, "No, that is not the lord I saw."

Next came the Count of Hatzfeld. "No!" said the child.

"And that one, the Baron Walbeck?" —

"No!" again replied Fritz.

"And this one?"

It was Count Otto, but without a velvet cloak; and Fritz replied "No," as he had to those who preceded, as well as those who followed.

The Prince galloped away, and the court quickly disappeared.

"Let us be gone," said Hugh to Fritz; "we will return to-morrow."

The next day, at the same hour, they were at their post. But when they arrived before the palace, the court-yard was filled with equipages. The Princess Clementina had returned to the Residence, and all were flocking to pay their court to her. It was a gala-day at the palace. The guards were doubled; the entrance

denied to all who did not wear the livery of the court.

Hugh was in his working dress. They cried out to him twenty times to keep off, and as many times did he and the child creep along under the mask of the carriages. Seeing at last that all his efforts were useless, he again said, "We will return to-morrow!"—

From morrow to morrow, eight days elapsed, without his detecting the individual he so pertinaciously sought. He now began to doubt the possibility of success. Still, public indignation against his sister did not subside. The affair of the ten florins was the universal theme of the gossips of Offenbach; the mothers still advising their daughters to avoid Helena, the lads still looking at her with a sneer; whenever she dare set foot in the street. There was always a whispering when she entered a shop, where the owner scarcely deigned to reply to her; and she always returned in tears to her garret.

"We shall soon quit the town, shall we not?" said she, every evening to her brother. "I am too humiliated here — I could not support it much longer. It is beyond my strength."

And every evening, her brother replied—

" One day more, sister. Courage ! and you shall cease to weep."

On the eighth day, however, he said to himself—

" I will discover our enemy, or he is not to be found in the court of the Landgrave."

Next day, he returned with Fritz to their old station at the gate of the palace, and kept him close by his side.

" Here," said he, to the child, " is a piece of gold, which shall be yours, if you will only say to each of the courtiers, as they pass, ' My mother thanks you kindly for the ten florins you gave her the other evening.' "

The eyes of Fritz flashed with joy, on seeing the piece of gold sparkle in the sun, and he promised to repeat the words exacted by Hugh. The moment he saw one of the courtiers, he ran up to him, saying—

" My mother thanks you, for the ten florins you gave her."

At first, they thought him mad, and went their way. At last, one of them stopped, and smiling at the child, handed him a piece of money, which Hugh observed ; though Fritz and the courtier were at some distance, he overheard the latter say,

"So! you little chattering urchin, you have been talking? Never mind; take this, and be more prudent another time."

Otto now hurried into the palace, but Hugh had observed him too closely to forget his countenance.

Imagine the feelings of the mechanic, when confronted with the calumniator of Helena's fame. His blood boiled in his veins, and his arm was involuntary raised to strike his enemy. He was, however, compelled to suppress his wrath; as it was not by a personal strife he could hope to restore his sister's reputation. Such an exposure might only injure her cause. He therefore gave the thaler to the child, who observed—

"*That* was the man of the velvet cloak!"—

"Enough!" said Hugh. "You may now go and play again."

Fritz did not wait to be told twice, but ran off to his mother, to inform her that he had at last seen the great lord who gave florins to little boys.

Now that he knew the person of the gentleman in the velvet cloak, Hugh wished to get rid of the child. It was not before him he chose to ask his enemy's name of the sentry at the gate, which he alone ought to know.

He was resolved to fight the offender, whatever might be his quality at court. Several hours did poor Hugh tarry before the gate of the palace, waiting the coming out of the minister.

At length, he recognised him among a group of courtiers to whom the sentry presented arms.

When the group had passed on, Hugh went up to him—

"Who was the nobleman who separated himself from the rest, and took the side of the avenue?"

"His Excellency the Count Otto, first minister of the Landgrave," replied the soldier.

"The first minister!"—repeated the mechanic, with mingled joy and indignation, as he took the road back to his humble garret.

The mechanic preserved strict silence concerning his discovery. He desired to convince himself, beyond a doubt, in the first place that Helena was not the accomplice of the minister. The air of assurance, and tone of frivolity assumed by Otto, in addressing the boy were sufficient to rekindle a doubt in the heart of Hugh.

After a night devoted to conceiving and re-

jecting a variety of projects, the workman adopted a most simple idea, which seemed to him an inspiration from Heaven, and he resolved to submit it forthwith to Helena.

"The Landgrave is to hunt in the forest to-day," said he to Helena; "let us go and see the sport. Long have I wished for the pleasure; and you must bear me company!"

For some time, she refused; but as Hugh had a particular object in view, he persisted, —she gave her consent.

In spite of his firmness of purpose, poor Hugh trembled as he was on the point of arriving with his sister near the assembled hunt. It was there his destiny was to be decided. It was, perhaps, the last time he should ever address his only sister in terms of affection. In his irresistible agitation, he found himself convulsively pressing his sister's hand.

"You are not well: let us return home!" said she. "What business have we here?"

Hugh was almost tempted to comply, but his state of incertitude was insupportable. He wished to probe the story to the bottom, though he might die of shame and despair.

"I must amuse myself sometimes," said he. "You, too, require relaxation. You will

find that we shall be gayer and happier for it when we return home."

"*Happier!*"—replied Helena, with a sigh.

Her brother now changed the conversation, lest she should suspect the object of their walk.

The Landgrave and his court had already been hunting some time, when Hugh and his sister arrived. The sound of the horn, and reports of the rifles, at first directed their steps; but the noise receding into the depths of the forest, they paused at the intersection of some roads, uncertain which way they should pursue.

At last, some gentlemen of the hunt approached. Rodolph von Hatzfeld, on seeing Helena, exclaimed,

"A pretty girl, as I live!"

A second hunter checked his horse before Hugh and his sister; and the former instantly trembled from head to foot—for it was Count Otto who stood before them!

Helena, who had cast down her eyes on hearing the compliment of Rodolph, raised them towards him who now addressed her brother. The eyes of Hugh were fixed upon his sister's face, but it betrayed not the least emotion.

" Have a care, good people," said the minister. " You will be hurt by some chance shot."

Helena calmly uttered a formal acknowledgment; and the heart of poor Hugh leapt for joy!—Mechanically following the guidance of his sister, the whole court soon passed them by. But scarcely were the courtiers out of sight, when Hugh, raising his hands to Heaven, exclaimed,

" God be thanked, my sister is innocent."—

Helena could not comprehend this pious ejaculation of her brother; but her surprise was still greater when Hugh threw himself into her arms.

" Forgive me," cried he, " I was still doubtful!"—

" And how know you now that I did not deserve your suspicions?"—

" I have proof! He whom you just now saw was our enemy. I watched your looks; I sought for agitation in your voice; and in your eyes I read the purity of your soul. Once more, forgive me, Helena! I required such proof; for, during the last week, I can scarcely have been said to live."

On learning that she had been in the pre-

sence of the man who had blasted her reputation, Helena nearly lost her senses.

"We need go no further," said the brother. "Let us now leave Offenbach; for I cannot convince my neighbours, as I am convinced myself; and it is my duty to spare you their contempt. This evening, I will accompany you to Frankfort, to our cousin Furtz. The report of our troubles has not reached him; and I will find a pretext for leaving you there some days, during which, I will accomplish my projects. When you return to Offenbach, all shall be well with us."

Helena consented to her brother's propositions. That evening she accompanied him to Frankfort, and in the interim the minister received a demand for an audience, signed "Hugh Sterner, the locksmith."

CHAPTER IV.

The inhabitants of Offenbach accounted in various ways for the return of the Landgravine to the palace. The well-disposed part of the community attributed it to a newly-conceived affection, on the part of Maximilian, for the Landgravine. The old gossips, ever ready to pervert the truth, asserted that it was a mere woman's fancy, in order to thwart the pleasures of her husband. Certain ladies, provoked at her return, chose to assign the motive to a ridiculous fit of jealousy. But few knew the real secret; and even the court was in error in thinking the Landgravine was come to pacify, by her presence, the noblemen whose indignation had been aroused by the affront offered them by the late nocturnal visit.

Count Otto was the bearer of a name long celebrated in the small town of Dessau. Ulric Spulgen, his grandfather, had deserved the esteem of the learned, the confidence of the

nobles, and the affection of the people, in his double vocation as physician and minister of the gospel. Educated by this respectable individual, Otto early contracted studious habits, but, less modest in his ambition than his grandfather, the end to which his ambition tended, rose in proportion as the circle of his acquaintance extended itself. Tranquil and studious, he was anxious to rise in the world. Otto could not understand how the venerable Ulric Spulgen, corresponding with all that was eminent in Europe, could rest so contented with his provincial practice, when his reputation had more than once caused him to be summoned to the imperial court of Vienna. He also wondered that a minister of the gospel, whose eloquence was fit for a court, should consent to vegetate in a place where his admirable sermons were solely appreciated with reference to their moral perfection.

"Your arduous studies reap no fruit, grandfather," he sometimes observed.

"Are not the virtues I behold in practice round me, the most abundant harvest a minister can implore of God?"—replied the venerable man.

"But the composition of your discourses, the richness of style, the ingenious thoughts,

and profound maxims, are of no avail in such a place as this?"

"My dear child," replied the venerable ecclesiastic, "those who work for heaven must do their best; and as my rich and copious style is pretty well understood here, I do not see why I should alter it, or my place of residence."

But though thus modest for himself, he did not renounce ambition for his grandson. In the course of a dangerous illness of Maximilian's father, Ulric Spulgen had the good fortune to send from the retreat of his study certain useful counsels to his friend, the physician of the Landgrave of Isenbourg; and the Prince, informed of his obligation, wrote to Dr. Spulgen, offering the most honourable conditions for him to come and fix himself at Offenbach:—"My Lord," wrote he, in reply; "your highness must forgive my refusal of so distinguished a proposition; but at Dessau, I have invalids both in body and soul, who look to me for aid, and whom I cannot abandon. I have, however, a grandson, Otto Spulgen, who wishes for a profession as a lawyer, physician, or professor of mathematics. He is a proficient in painting; and as a musician, is a worthy emulator of our countryman, Jean Sebastian Bach. Your highness's protection

will be well bestowed upon him. Pardon me if I entreat one more favour of your highness. It is understood that there exists in the library of the palace, an autograph MS. of Cæsar Nostradamus, entitled, "The Hippiad, or Godfroy and the Knights, by Cæsar Nostradamus, by a nobleman of Provence, 1622." I possess also an autograph MS. of that poem, but there is a leaf wanting, and I should not be sorry to complete it; and offer to your highness, for the loan of this volume, my estate of Erbach as security."

This letter was presented to the Prince by young Otto himself. The old Landgrave sent back the precious MS. to the doctor of Dessau; but detained the young man, who shortly became the preceptor and friend of the young Prince, being nearly of the same age.

Though of opposite characters, they were so intimate, that the Landgrave, philosopher enough to like a plebeian to be the companion of the studies and pastimes of the Prince, but respecting the prejudices of the court, solicited a title of the Emperor for his son's preceptor. The monarch, judging in his supreme wisdom that he could not confer honours on the grandson during the life-time of him who had de-

served the distinction, raised the old doctor to the dignity of Count, making the title hereditary in the family of the far-famed preacher. Some months afterwards, the poor of Dessau wept over their pastor and physician; and thus, his ambitious grandson became Count Otto von Spulgen.

Soon afterwards, the young Prince succeeded to the sovereignty of his father, and Otto became his intimate counsellor—a favour fatal to the ministry of the defunct Landgrave. The Baron de Rœdelheim, who had enjoyed the power of place for thirty years, was forced to resign his office to the hands of the young favourite. It was supposed that the retired minister had consoled himself for the loss of office, in marrying one of the richest heiresses of the principality. We all know the rancour possible in the heart of a German baron.

But though the young Landgrave listened to the counsels of his minister in matters of state, he was not quite so tractable in the less important question of his pleasure. Maximilian, sometimes allowed himself to laugh at the severe injunctions of his friend.

One day however, he ceased to laugh; for Otto addressed him with tears in his eyes.

"Your highness," said he, "weary of the caprices of his fair friend, appears resolved to marry; and that which might pass for an act of prudence, is in my eyes but an act of additional folly. To-morrow you are to be clandestinely married; you see that I am acquainted with your proceedings! She whom you would raise to the exalted station of your bride is the daughter of the banker Wolf. Marry her if you love her, Prince; but I warn you, your passion will soon subside, and the people will despise the Princess you present to them. I have faith in the qualities of Mademoiselle Wolf; but I must watch over the sacred charge of your honour, which you have confided to me. Contract this alliance, and this very day I lay at your feet my insignia of office, I renounce all further dignities, and your friendship, that I may retire into obscurity and weep over the shame with which you have disgraced your house."

By this argument, the minister succeeded in deterring Maximilian from the folly he meditated; and having with great difficulty persuaded his royal master to turn his thoughts to a more suitable alliance, Otto, aware of the wavering character of the Landgrave, lost

no time in searching the reigning houses of Germany, for a Princess worthy the title of Landgravine of Isenbourg. He soon fixed his choice upon the Princess Clementine of Altingen; and, as he had promised, Maximilian abided by the decision of his minister. Clementine was pretty young, confiding; and from the day of the wedding, her husband adored her.

Meanwhile the grace, beauty, and amiably docile character of the Princess, made a profound impression upon the minister charged to negociate the marriage with the Prince of Altingen; and Otto remained mute with admiration, when the Princess, addressing him, inquired into the character of her future husband with that ingenuous freedom of language, that touching simplicity of manners, which the German Princes transmit from generation to generation, as a counterpoise to their aristocratic pride. From that day, Otto ceased to find happiness in the position to which destiny had raised him. He now began to curse the moment in which he had interfered with the matrimonial projects of Maximilian. Had the daughter of the banker Wolf borne the title of Landgravine, he would

only have had to fear the enmity of woman, but now it was against an ardent and increasing passion he had to resist.

At the expiration of six months Maximilian ceased to love his Princess; and it happened that she confided her despair to the only man who could behold, with satisfaction, the indifference of the Prince. Otto interceded warmly with the Prince in favour of Clementine. But Maximilian panted for other pleasures, other conquests; and bidding his minister desist from his importunate remonstrances, made known to the Landgravine that since the palace of Offenbach had ceased to suit her, the Château de Beauséjour, some miles from the city, was at her disposal. Clementine wept bitterly; but remained near her husband, hoping to regain his love and affection.

Thus passed the first year; the Princess assuming, in public, an air of content, while in the solitude of her apartment she gave herself up to grief. Otto, her sole comforter, gave her hope, seeking to pacify her tears by condoling with her upon the neglect of the Landgravine; and when two beings equally unhappy pour forth their tears in unison, and confound their sighs—when hands grasp each

other daily, and the heart of woman inclines towards another, equally despairing—rank, duty distance are soon effaced. An evil hour had struck for Count Otto and his royal mistress!

It was not to avoid the scandalous irregularities of her husband that the Landgravine quitted her residence; nor was it from caprice or jealousy, or to conciliate Maximilian, that she resolved to return to the chateau of Offenbach after so long an absence. The safety of Otto was at stake. The love of the Princess for the minister—her interest in his fame—the gratification of seeing him every day, every moment without the life or honour of either being again placed in jeopardy—was the true motive of the Princess's return. The Landgrave saw her arrival with complete indifference, for he was passionately attached to another.

On Otto's return from the chase, the petition of Helena's brother was placed in his hand. Hugh had purposely omitted mentioning the object of his demand; but Otto was only too happy that the Princess had quitted the retirement of Beauséjour, not to satisfy, to the best of his power, all claims addressed to him. He gave orders that the mechanic, Hugh Sterner, should be admitted to him the following morn-

ing; and at eight o'clock, Hugh desired to see his Excellency.

"Let him enter!" said the minister to his secretary; and the blacksmith appeared in the presence of the Count von Spulgen. His bearing was firm, and his look calm; still, the tremulousness of his voice announced internal agitation. Ignorant of the cause, Otto received him kindly.

"Be seated, my good friend, and speak freely!" said he; "I esteem highly the honest members of your calling. If your demand be just, be assured that I will try to satisfy you."

"My Lord, your task is not difficult; I come to ask for justice!"

"You shall have it, my good friend; an honest man never sought it in vain at my hands! Speak out; you shall not repent it!"

"I am grateful for your Excellency's goodness. I will now explain myself with the frankness of one honest man dealing with another."

The minister looked surprised.

"What mean you, Sterner? Am *I* in question in your petition?"

"*Yourself*, my Lord! who, by an atrocious lie, have reduced an honest family to despair.

Interrupt me not; you will soon understand me. A young girl, whom you do not know even by name, and against whom you can have no vindictive motive, is at this moment an object of scorn to the whole city. And why? Because it pleased *you*, a powerful Lord, enjoying the public esteem, to blast with a word the fair fame of a stranger!"

"You are in error, my friend," replied the Count, utterly amazed. "I am Count Otto von Spulgen. God is my witness, that ——"

"Blaspheme not your Maker, my Lord! I will refresh your faulty memory. I can conceive that a mere lordly pastime may have escaped your recollection, for in *your* eyes the honour of an humble work-girl—the young embroideress of the street of the White Eagle—can be of poor account."

In a moment, the minister recalled to mind the adventure of the garret-window—the child asleep upon the stone—and the ten florins he had given upon pretence of buying the boy's silence! Remarking the confusion of Otto, the locksmith persisted.

"Your Excellency must remember now what he said the other day with regard to my sister?"

"And if I do," stammered the Count, "what is it you wish me to do for you?"

"Let me first convince you of the injury you have done us;—you shall then tell me how it can be compensated."

"I am most willing to make atonement," faltered Otto. "I was wrong, *very* wrong—but, I implore you, let this be a secret between us—I rely on your discretion. Say, what sum do you exact of me?"

"Do you imagine it is money that we require, my Lord?" said Helena's brother with indignation. "Do you think that riches could restore the honour of my sister? I know not the price you set upon that of your great ladies; but *our* wives and sisters are valued by a different standard!"

Otto, who was directing his steps towards his bureau, doubtless in search of the gold he intended to offer to the mechanic, paused upon hearing this answer.

"Sterner," said he, "you are a worthy man, and I would give worlds never to have pronounced the name of your sister."

"I believe you, my Lord! I hear you have a generous heart; and it must have been from some uncontrollable motive that you uttered

so unfounded a calumny. But when you selected our name to be polluted with a shame which you alone can efface, you were not aware that my father had relinquished all hope of fortune, that he descended from an honourable profession to one of painful labour, for the sake of preserving the name which you have blasted! You little thought that the innocent girl, whose name has been sacrificed, was an object of the most tender solicitude to a brother, who had sworn to his dying father to be her protector, her support, to watch over the precious treasure of her fair reputation. And when I had worked for full ten years, holding sacred the oath to my father, at the moment I was to reap the reward of my efforts, at the moment my sister was betrothed to my dearest friend, you, my Lord, you, with a word, have blasted all my joy! The companion of my childhood, the betrothed of my sister, has abandoned us. Helena is compelled to conceal herself from the contempt of the town; and I myself must have yielded, but for my firm resolve to restore her to honour. Yes, my Lord, my firm resolve. If you refuse me justice this day, I will find means to obtain it."

"Sterner," said the minister, having attentively listened to the narrative of the locksmith, "your reproaches fall far short of the remorse your words have caused me! Believe me, that, were it in my power to restore to you the reputation you so well deserve, I would do it at the risk of sacrificing the esteem of the world, to which I also attach some value. But if it be a public declaration you require, I warn you that it is impossible. You see I am as frank as yourself. In your position, I would act as you have done; in mine, you would act as I am acting."

"That is to say, my Lord, that you entrench yourself behind your rank to insult me with impunity. But reflect a moment! If forced to it by your refusal, I will reach you, even at the right hand of the throne. I once more ask you, will you, in presence of witnesses appointed by me, declare the innocence of my sister?—Can you prove where you were on the 15th of September, at ten in the evening?—For I swear to you, it shall be proved beyond a doubt, that you were not in the company of Helena Sterner."

Horror struck by these words, Otto sank back into his chair.

"It is impossible!" said he, "I will declare nothing. Take my whole fortune, if you will; but no other reparation can I make you."

"You turn pale!" cried Sterner; "there is then, some dreadful mystery attached to this? Good! I will unravel it—will publish it. Since you refuse terms of peace, war is declared between us. From this day, I will keep watch over your looks and actions. My vengeance shall weigh you down, and however exalted your position, you shall not escape. My hatred shall last till my sister be fully justified. Adieu!"

Another moment, and the door had closed upon the locksmith.

"He has done his duty nobly," faltered the minister of Maximilian. "Let me be equally firm to mine."

CHAPTER V.

A MONTH had elapsed since the terrible menace of the mechanic, but as yet, no symptom of vengeance intruded upon the security of the minister. Otto was less fearful, though on the days following the interview, he had, with some alarm, discovered that Helena's brother had contrived to escape the vigilance of the police. He discovered that Hugh had not returned to his garret in the street of the White Eagle. Some pretended to have met him on the Frankfort road, others on the road to Obernbourg. Some had spoken to him in the forest, some on the bridge. At the same hour, he was said to have been met on many different points.

Hugh Sterner, meanwhile, had not quitted Offenbach. As a native of the town, the usages and customs of the inhabitants were familiar to him. He knew on what days the streets were frequented; in which quarter one might walk unnoticed in the evening; by what

issue one could reach the country, or re-enter unobserved. Concealed in the house of a sure friend, he went every day into the forest to meditate his projects of vengeance, and managed in returning to gather information from some gossiping valet of the court, as to where or how Count Otto had passed the day—why he remained so long at the palace, and at what hour he returned home. But this did little to forward his projects, for all he heard concerning Otto was great and generous. If he went out earlier than usual, it was sure to prove for some benevolent purpose; if he remained long at the chateau, it was to persuade the Prince to some measure beneficial to the interests of the people. Hugh heard on all sides the blessings of the poor and the good-will of the citizens, lavished on the name of the minister!

Still there were some who detested Otto. The mechanic was not the only one who panted for his downfall:—there were disappointed and jealous courtiers who watched closely the proceedings of the favourite. Vainly did the anxious Princess implore him to control the workings of his heart. Vainly did she study his looks, and the expression of his voice; nay, vainly did the Count himself

assume a respectful coldness of demeanour. The malicious eye of envy plunged into the thoughts of the lovers; and detected the sentiments they so vainly strove to repress. Neither an incautious word, nor an involuntary expression had revealed the truth of their intimacy. Yet it was whispered in the circles of the court, that Maximilian was not only lost in dissolute habits, but that he was wilfully blind to the indifference of a wife who no longer regretted his desertion.

The old Baron of Rœdelheim, who was wedded to a former favourite of the Landgrave, with whom he had received a large dowry in compensation of her shame, writhed under the idea of a man of such obscure birth, receiving the favours of a royal hand. But in this coalition against the favourite minister, there wanted one of those dauntless, daring spirits, who flinch from no danger, and die rather than reveal their thoughts and projects; one of those stern, inflexible characters, rarely seen but in times of revolution. Conspiracies reveal the existence of such people, and render them heroes and martyrs. Such an instrument was essential to the discontented of Offenbach.

The brother of Helena was only too ready

to be the tool of Otto's enemies; and as those who cherish the same intense desire are sure to meet at last, Hugh Sterner was not long in leaguing himself with the conspirators.

In his daily excursions in the neighbourhood of the palace, the mechanic often encountered the courtiers returning from the court of the Landgrave; and during his wanderings in the forest, frequently met certain faces reminding him of the joyous companions of the Prince of Isenbourg. This circumstance could not but attract his notice. By degrees, he learnt from certain inmates of the palace their individual names; and remarked that he met them twice in one day, in different places, and different costumes.

Convinced that there must be some important motive, to make them assemble at nightfall, at the obscure inn of Saint Hubert du Bois, situated in the heart of the forest, Hugh remembered that the Baron de Rœdelheim had been forced to cede his post to the favourite of Maximilian.—"It is only the dead," quoth the proverb, "who pardon their successors!" Hugh was acquainted with this maxim of official life; and guessed that Count Otto must enter for something into these mysterious meetings. At

the hazard of his life, he resolved to penetrate the secret.

On the day he made this determination, the locksmith went forth into the forest; and taking the path with some self-styled carters and peasants, followed them into a lower apartment of the inn, where others awaited them. They stopped talking the moment he appeared, and every head concealed itself beneath a broad-brimmed hat. Among the fifteen or twenty individuals assembled, nothing was heard but an indistinct murmur, and the clink of goblets.

Hugh instantly took a seat; and calling for drink, tried to join in the conversation. No one heeded what he said; and disappointed in his attempts, he, at length, threw down his goblet on the table.

"This wine is execrable!" said he. "It is at best good enough to drown Count Otto von Spulgen!"

All present eyed him with mistrust.

"I am not rich," he persisted, "but I would willingly pay the price of a butt of it, to be applied to such a purpose."

The daring peasants whispered to each other, and one gave the signal of departure.

"I suspect," said Hugh, as they rose from

table, " I am not the only person present who would subscribe to the measure."

His companions now hastened to depart, but Hugh stopped them on the threshold.

" What think you, Count Ursel ?"—said he, addressing one of them.

The apostrophe was too precise to admit of further disguise.

They all turned round, exclaiming—

" We are betrayed ! He is a spy !"

" No, Monsieur de Stolberg," exclaimed Hugh, " you behold an accomplice sent by Heaven !"

Upon a sign from Baron Rœdelheim, the doors were now bolted. Swords and pistols were laid upon the table, and one of the conspirators addressed the undaunted mechanic.

" If you are deceiving us—we have confederates waiting for us in the forest, and should we hear a signal, can escape without being seen, and leave you lifeless on the floor."

The locksmith retained his former composure.

" My life belongs to the enemies of Count Otto !" said he. " I ask no better than to sacrifice it in so useful a purpose. Search me !

you will find I am come unarmed; certain that you will provide me with weapons (not for assassination—such noble lords cannot contemplate such horrors) but to defend myself, in case you confide to me a perilous mission."

The old Baron, who had not yet spoken, now addressed the mechanic.

"What security have we?—We know you not?"

"Nor I you!" abruptly answered Hugh. "Yet, you see, I trust you with my life, which though of no value, is that of an honest man, burning with a just desire of vengeance. I should have preferred other means of obtaining justice for the affront offered to my family, by our common enemy. But I must accept the opportunity that offers."

These words, uttered with the rude simplicity of a German mechanic, seemed to impress the conspirators. The Baron at length grasped the hand of Hugh, in token of patronization.

"For life and death," said he, grinding his teeth. And in spite of their pride of birth, these nobles grasped the horny hands of the mechanic—a conspiracy reducing all conditions

to the same level, till the danger is at an end; when the meaner instrument is often flung aside, or perhaps given up to the scaffold. Interrogated concerning the motive of his hatred to the minister, Hugh related the history of the ten florins—of his sister's dishonour—his separation from his friend, and the flight of Helena.

The nobles pretended, of course, to sympathize eagerly with his misfortunes; but no sooner had he alluded to his conversation with the minister, and Otto's refusal to state where he was on the evening of the 15th Sept. than a malicious joy flashed in their eyes.

"He was at the Landgravine's!" cried all present. "We had long suspected as much."

"At the Landgravine's?" replied Hugh, in utter amazement. "Now, then, I hold this mighty secret! Now, I understand all But we will prove to him that the honor of an humble work girl is of as high a value as that of a royal Princess. I swear that he shall confess his crime. I pity the Princess. She is benevolent—the people love her. It will go to my heart to prove her ruin."

"But the justification of your sister?" cried the conspirators. "Do you not see that to save

the reputation of an adultress, the fair fame of your sister has been sacrificed; and, as you said just now, the honour of an humble work-girl is as of high a value as that of a reigning Princess. Besides, you cannot retract; your name belongs to us; and when we resume the reins of power, your fortune is made."

"I have but one favour to ask," said the locksmith, "that if I fall, you will restore Helena to the esteem of her neighbours. On this condition, I espouse your cause; and you may dispose of my life."

Having taken the oaths required by his accomplice, Hugh Sterner undertook to be at the park gate at Offenbach, on the following evening at eight o'clock. Some one was to meet him; they did not name whom. But the stranger was to make himself known by the watchword "Treason."

In vain did the locksmith inquire what further would be wanted of him.

"To-morrow the minister will be compelled to make amends for the injury done to your family," was all the answer he could obtain; and was all he required. Night was advancing! They now separated, and returned to the city.

While the conspirators retired to their

hotels, doffed their peasant garbs, and resumed their costly attire, Hugh Sterner taking the bye road to Offenbach, reached the bank of the river flowing towards Frankfort, taking care not to be observed.

Hearing steps from time to time behind him, he retired into the thick of the wood; but the wayfarer retired also into the wood. The locksmith paused to allow the importunate traveller to pass on; but when he halted, so also did his companion.

"He must be bent on addressing me!" said the mechanic. "Well! one man is as good as another. I will learn, at least, why he follows me." He accordingly went up to the stranger, with a look of resolution.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" asked Hugh, trying to scrutinize the features of the stranger, by the light of the moon.

"I do," replied he. "Have you already forgotten your friends?"

Hugh now recognised one of the conspirators of the forest.

"Where are you going with our secret?" inquired the conspirator.

"I am going to bid my sister farewell, perhaps for the last time. No harm in that, I hope?"

"I must go with you," replied his companion. "It is our duty to watch you closely, till we feel assured of your zeal."

"You have no faith, then, in the honesty of others?"

"We require proofs; and our rewards accord with the merit we discover."

"It is thus," said he, drawing a pistol from his pocket, "we deal with traitors."

"The points of twenty swords, and the muzzles of as many pistols would not suffice to intimidate me, Count Ursel!" said the locksmith; "so put up your weapon---a toy betwixt people of courage. Let my word of honour suffice, for threats are useless. I swear to you, I am going to my sister. Do as you like about following me; or adieu till to-morrow."

"I promised our friends to follow you, wherever you went. I cannot quit you yet."

"You are free to keep your promises; but let us on together, and without mistrust," said Hugh Sterner; and Count Ursel accompanied him part of the way towards Frankfort.

At length, satisfied of the good faith of the mechanic, he left him; reminding him that they should expect him the following evening,

at the park gate, near the river. Hugh repeated the promise, and then proceeded to the abode of his cousin the cordwainer.

Helena received her brother with the utmost tenderness. Without reverting to his terrible project, he intimated that better days were in store for them; and they passed a tranquil night.

Faithful to his promise, the following day the locksmith quitted his sister in time to be at his post at Offenbach.

As he took an affectionate leave of her, and several times pressed to his bosom the injured being for whom he was about to stake his life, Helena became almost alarmed at the expression of his countenance and agitated manner.

"There is nothing to fear," said he, again embracing her. "My farewell word is—HOPE."

At six o'clock he was at the park gate, waiting for Count Ursel, or some other of the conspirators. At length a stranger approached.

"Are you Hugh Sterner, the locksmith?"

"I am!" replied the mechanic.

"Then follow me!" added the stranger.

"I must first hear the word!" said Helena's brother.

"TREASON!" replied the other, in a low voice; and the locksmith allowed himself to be guided by the stranger into an obscure passage adjoining the entrance of the park.

CHAPTER VI.

As they were proceeding along a narrow covered way, they heard a murmur of voices, and the tread of steps as if over their heads. The mechanic instantly inquired of the stranger whither he was leading him.

"Silence!" replied he; "we have already entered the chateau. Should any one address us, it is I who must answer."

They now crossed a yard, in which were situated the offices of the palace. Attendants were flying about in different directions; and amid the bustle, the presence of the two conspirators was not remarked.

"This way!" said the stranger; and they mounted a narrow staircase, feebly lighted by the glimmer of a lamp, suspended from the ceiling at every floor. As he ascended the stairs, Sterner noticed from the window the bank of the river, and the entrance of the park. Within, at a distance, on the various landings, his eye penetrated through long galleries, in

which were suspended chandeliers, shedding their brilliant lustre upon inlaid floors.

"Those are the apartments of the Landgrave! higher still, is the library. To the right, is the passage leading to the suite of Princess Clementine's apartments. At the end, is the famous green chamber; this staircase is appropriated to the service of the gentlemen of the household. Above, are the apartments of the female attendants of the Landgravine. Follow me!"

They now reached the attic story; yet Hugh remained wholly ignorant what service was wanted of him. Astonished at finding himself in the palace of Maximilian, he dared not interrogate his guide, still less recede.

He proceeded, therefore, till ordered to pause before a door in the last passage. The stranger now listened, to assure himself that nobody was on his track.

"Good!" said he. "We are alone!"

Then approaching the door, he whispered —"It is I!"

The door instantly opened.

"Come in!—quick!" said he, pushing Hugh Sterner into a chamber, where sat a woman covered with a veil.

"Is this the man I have been expecting?" inquired she.

The stranger replied in the affirmative, and seated himself; motioning Hugh to do the same, and bidding him listen attentively to the inquiries of the veiled lady.

"There exist strong suspicions, as you are aware, of an intimacy between the minister and Princess Clementine," said she. "Since the return of the Landgravine to the chateau, he has not been known to visit her; still, it is asserted that his voice has been heard in her apartment at hours when she ought to be alone. Several times has the Princess been purposely interrupted, on pretence of believing her to be indisposed; when she is found in a state of great agitation. But the Count has contrived to disappear, in spite of the most scrupulous vigilance. There must be, doubtless, some secret passage, known only in the court, which must be discovered this very night. We rely upon you; trusting that you will not deceive the confidence of those whose only wish is, to convince the Landgrave of the treason of his pretended friend."

"I do not perceive the use of this discovery towards the reputation of my sister!" replied

the locksmith, who had listened attentively to the interrogatories of the veiled lady.

"*How?*" replied she. "Shall we not force the Count to confess that he was at the Château de Beauséjour on the evening of the 15th. My husband has related to me your injuries, and believe me, my good friend, if you serve us, we will not neglect your interests."

"Time is passing," observed the stranger; "the Princess will soon retire to her apartment. We must now acquaint this honest fellow what is expected of him.

"Speak," said Sterner; "I swore to serve you in life or death. You shall see whether I keep my oath."

The veiled lady now resumed,

"There is a state dinner at court," said she; "the Landgravine will not retire to her room before ten o'clock. It is to her chamber I shall conduct you. There, you will remain concealed, and watch the coming-in and going-out of the minister. All night—watch! to-morrow morning, at the hour of her highness' taking her airing, I will meet you, and you can then communicate all you have seen. The Prince will be immediately acquainted with the

whole affair, and so avenge the injury done to your sister."

"And we," said the stranger, with an air of plausible hypocrisy, "*we* shall have the good fortune to have avenged the dignity of the throne, thus disgracefully outraged."

"And if I am discovered?" inquired Sterner.

"By Count Otto?" remarked the veiled lady.

"No, not by *him*, as I then should know how to act—but by the Princess herself, or one of her attendants?"

The stranger turned pale, and the lady uttered an exclamation of terror.

"Good!" replied Hugh; "I understand you; I must hold my tongue, and allow myself to be captured."

"We will save you under any circumstances!" replied the stranger.

"If *possible*, you mean. Well, be it so; but, above all, remember my sister."

"We swear it!" cried his two companions; and thus ended the conversation. The veiled lady rose, took the workman by the hand, made him follow her down the back stairs, till they arrived at the gallery leading to the suite of the Landgravine, which they entered together, without meeting any of the male or female attendants of the Princess.

"Hugh Sterner!" said the new guide of the mechanic, when they arrived in the furthermost room, "here is the bedchamber of the Princess. Take this key: it is that of the glazed closet to the right of the bed—that door is never opened. Adieu!—courage and prudence. God protect you!"

She then shook him by the hand, and departed. Three hours or more passed away without any noise interrupting the meditations of the locksmith—and oppressive they were; thus, reduced to the part of a spy, and obliged to serve the purpose of some court intrigue that he might obtain reparation for his innocent sister, which was only to be expected by an act of baseness! Such was not his idea when, face to face with her calumniator, he had exclaimed, "Henceforward be there open war between us!" He had hoped to fight with the weapons of a man of courage. His cause was a just one: and the act to which he now was urged was revolting to his better feelings. It was by a vile denunciation he was going to be avenged upon a calumny! It was by forcing the secret of a woman against whom he had no motive of hatred, that he was obliged to

arrive at the truth. Indignant with himself, Sterner was about to quit his post!

"No," said he, "I never should have accepted so vile a mission! Sword against sword, blood against blood! Such was the reparation I meant to seek of my enemy; and having conquered him, and trampled him under foot, I should have had the right to dictate my own conditions. In the depth of darkness to strike both innocence and crime with the same blow, is not justice, but to render crime for crime!"

The locksmith would fain have quitted the palace, and abandoned to others the task of betraying the Princess; but the last words of his father were fresh upon his mind—the rumours of the town still vibrated in his ears! He saw himself deserted by his friends; Anselm forced to quit the country, his sister obliged to hide from the public gaze, and thought of the insults she would yet receive, if she again returned to Offenbach. It was not before the tribunals he could hope to seek redress of such an opponent as Count Otto von Spulgen; nor was it by a personal provocation he could hope to avenge his sister. The reply of the German nobles to such provocations is by throwing the individual into a

dungeon, where he expiates his rashness in endless despair.

There was consequently no resource for poor Sterner, and once more he returned into the glazed closet, on hearing steps in the gallery.

It was the Princess, followed by her attendants! among whom, the locksmith seemed to recognize the voice of the veiled lady. On looking through the key-hole, he found he was not mistaken. The eyes of this person were directed towards the door of the glazed closet, while the others surrounding the Princess took off her veil, necklace, and ornaments. On laying aside her state attire, Clementine assumed a more convenient costume. After a few gracious words from the Princess to her ladies, she dismissed them—listening anxiously to their departing steps as they proceeded down the gallery.

The young Landgravine then carefully bolted the doors, and threw herself into an armchair, apparently overcome with wretchedness.

"Alas, alas!" murmured she, in a low tone; "what an evening, what fears, what anguish! Why were the malicious eyes of the old Baron constantly fixed upon me? Those signs of intelligence, too, betwixt the enemies of the

Count—what means their air of triumph? And Rodolph von Hatzfeld, who would persist in alluding to a work girl, an embroideress—directing his glances towards Otto! And how depressed he was! Would I could have had one word from his lips before he left us. Does the Landgrave suspect us? Oh! miserable destiny! Oh! retrospections of guilt and remorse!"

She now sank into a deep reverie. After some moments' reflection,

"I have but these means," cried she, rising with an air of resolution; and having rung a bell, and unbolted the door, several attendants entered the room.

"Is her highness indisposed?" was the prompt inquiry.

"I was not well when I rang," replied Clementine. "I am now better. That I may not trouble you again, Beatrix shall remain with me through the night. If her aid suffice not, I will send for you all."

Each of the women now claimed the honour of sitting up; but, upon a sign of dismissal from the Princess, they retired.

Once more alone, she threw herself into the arms of Beatrix.

"My only friend and confidante," cried she, "I am indeed wretched."

"What ails you, Madam?"

"They suspect the truth! All my efforts to conceal it are of no avail! I was this day convinced of it. There is an agitation at Court which fills me with alarm. You alone are in my confidence—you alone are able to advise me—Otto will not come to-night!"

"*To-night?*" replied Beatrix. "You have seen him, then, since you left Beauséjour? Oh! Madam, after all you promised, are you then determined to sacrifice yourself?"

"I *have* seen him! I had not the courage to follow your advice—so wise, so necessary to my peace of mind. I have broken my promises. Were you to require me to renew the oath, I should obey, and then violate it again! I have never loved but him. He only can appreciate my affection for the possession of a whole and undivided heart. At Offenbach I have met but a single smile of genuine tenderness;—it is his—but one truly generous soul—it is his! He has sacrificed his life to me, for it is certain death to aspire to the wife of one's sovereign. I was so young! I desired so earnestly to be loved! And then I heard only of his high qualities—

his exalted character;—and all this while enduring the hourly insults or neglect of my husband—of him who so soon despised me! I do not pretend to justify myself, Beatrix; but surely you will hold me less guilty, when I say I only ask to be loved!"

"What is it, Madam, you require of me?" inquired the attendant, coming to the point.

"It is almost midnight!—All are at rest in the palace!—Have you the courage to go to the residence of the minister? Ask to speak to his secretary, Volfrag, and deliver this letter to him. Both are in my secret, and never will betray me!"

"But this hour, Madam?"

"Do not refuse me!—it is my life I ask you! Nay, more, Beatrix! it is for his I tremble!"

Beatrix remained silent. The Princess wrote a few lines, sealed the letter, and was about to deliver it to her, when she suddenly changed her mind.

"No, no!" said she; "it is useless!—No! you need not go."

"Ah! Madam, you deign, then, to listen to my prayers? You renounce your project——"

"Yes, yes!" cried the Princess, eagerly; "You may retire—I will see you to-morrow!"

She then pointed to the door, and the maid of honour, after seeking in vain a word of explanation, was compelled to obey the orders of the Princess.—Clementine was once more alone!

Not a word or gesture had escaped the eye of Sterner. He had seen the letter written, sealed, and delivered to Beatrix, then placed upon the desk where Clementine sat down to write. He could not understand the Landgravine's change of mind; when suddenly the opening of a panel in the wall changed the current of his thoughts. Hurrah!—He was now master of his enemy; for lo! it was Otto himself who thus mysteriously penetrated the chamber of the Landgravine!

"Some one was with you," inquired he of Clementine, having slid back the panel into its groove.

"There was!" replied she. "It was Beatrix. I was sending her to you. I was uneasy. Alas! dearest, what an evening! My heart is broken!"

"Compose yourself! This evening has replaced me at the height of favour. Yesterday, I was on the brink of the precipice—to-day, I have nothing to fear. As to the court spies, they are all in my trammels. I have forced Maximilian

to sign the order for their arrest; and at this moment the Baron and his Countess, the Countess de Wultern, Stolberg, and all the conspirators, are on the road to the fortress of Ottersheim! I have already forwarded orders that they should be strictly guarded. Their complaints to the Landgrave will be intercepted; and if, by chance, they succeed in publishing their suspicions of our intimacy, Maximilian will only perceive in their denunciations the malice of despair."

While he spoke, the eyes of Clementine flashed with joy; and upon hearing that he had ultimately triumphed, the Princess rushed to his arms.

"What will become of us should they ever recover their liberty?" cried he. "I only thought of you, Clementine—of your reputation. I revealed the motive of their mysterious meetings in the forest to the Landgrave, and begged that they might not be even tried. Maximilian still hesitated, but I finally vanquished his want of resolution. He has now signed. Fear nothing, therefore—never will they return to the chateau of Offenbach!"

All the enemies of the minister were not, however, secure in the fortress of Ottersheim!

Hugh Sterner listened to this interview, only a few steps distant from the Count and Princess! On hearing of the imprisonment of the conspirators, terror seized his soul. Quick in measuring the extent of the peril, he felt pride in the idea of seeking, single-handed, reparation for the outrage done to his sister; and thanked heaven for having abandoned him to his own resources. The shame of this cowardly stratagem now vanished, and he only thought how he should come out victorious from the dangerous position in which his confederates of the forest had placed him.

Appeased by words of kindness, the Princess was far from wishing the departure of Otto. Already had he risen to leave her; but she detained him, and bade him relate how the fierce Baron and his ignoble wife had received the officer who was to conduct them to the fortress.

"Not one of my enemies has escaped!" added the Count von Spulgen; "I have staked my head upon a stroke of policy; but it was in behalf of her I loved!"

"And in behalf of my sister! Do you owe *her* nothing, my Lord?" exclaimed the me-

chanic, throwing open the door and suddenly confronting them.

"I am lost!" faltered the Princess, falling back into her chair.

Otto recoiled a few steps at the sight of Helena's brother; but recovering his presence of mind, he placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword ,and was about to draw, when Sterner produced a loaded pistol.

"Your Excellency had better not attempt my life. In defending myself I might summon too many witnesses," said the locksmith.

"I implore you, Otto, suppress your rage; do not kill this man in my presence," said Clementine. "Whatever be his projects, let him depart. Let him be silent, and I pardon his intrusion."

As she spoke, Clementine interposed between the weapons of these deadly enemies.

Otto, having thrown his sword upon a chair, Sterner lowered his pistol.

"How came you here?" inquired the minister.

"By the aid of those you have sent to the fortress of Ottersheim," replied the mechanic.

"And what is the price of your silence?"

"The restoration of my sister's honour."

"Merciless man, would you sacrifice your Princess?"

"Satisfy me, if you can, without injuring her, and I will gladly accept the terms. But I have risked my life for the attainment of justice, and justice I must have!"

"What can be the object of this man?" inquired Clementine, trembling in every limb.

"Madam!" said the mechanic, firmly, "on the evening of the 15th September, the Count was with you, at the Chateau de Beauséjour; and, wanting an excuse to justify his absence to the Prince, thought that the best way of securing your reputation, was to destroy that of my sister. It would now be easy for me to take my revenge."

Otto made a movement as if to resume his sword. But Steiner composedly continued;—

"Still I will not take advantage of my position; let his Excellency find what pretext he will, but he must publicly establish the innocence of my sister, and I engage, upon my honour, to be silent upon the events of this night."

The Count now paced the room in despair, while Clementine clasped her hands, unable to retain her tears.

"It is my death, he asks, Otto!" cried she, "Implore him to forbear. Give him gold—give him jewels! Here are my diamonds! Take them—oh, take them! Think no more of vengeance, but depart!"

"I have already refused such offers, Madam," said Sterner, advancing towards the desk, where lay the Princess's letter to the minister. "I will not prolong a scene which was not provoked by me; but ask the Count, for the last time, if he will swear to receive me, to-morrow, with certain of my friends, and in their presence, prove the impossibility of his having been at my house on the evening of the 15th of September."

"I do," said the minister. "You shall be satisfied!"

"How is this to be done, dearest Otto?" inquired Clementine.

"Be not alarmed!—I have a project."

"My Lord," said Hugh, "I swore to you I would ever be on your track, and have not deceived you. Be assured that, if you fail in your promise of to-morrow, I shall find means of finding you again!—I depart; you may rely upon me. As I have everything to fear here, shew me the way out, and I will follow you."

"Go, Otto!" said the Princess, "I wish to be alone. The presence of this man alarms me!"

The Count took up his sword, preparatory to departure, and Sterner cocked his pistol.

"Why that weapon?" observed Clementine, in great anxiety.

"Has not his Excellency a sword?" replied the mechanic, coolly. "Compose yourself, Madam! I will not attempt the life of the Count, so long as he respects mine. But at the slightest menace, I shall fire; not upon him, but for the purpose of alarm. I will then declare who conducted me hither, while *you* will not dare avow why you came. Out of regard for the Princess, therefore, let us leave the palace in peace. If discovered, it is not *I* who am in the greater danger!"

The Count now sheathed his sword.

"Let us begone," said he; and thrusting back the panel, a dark lantern was seen suspended in the passage. The minister took it down; and the mechanic, still holding the pistol, followed the Count down a secret staircase. After some seconds, the two adversaries found themselves together, outside the park. No sooner had they passed the palace, than Sterner exclaimed—

"To-morrow!" — and the deadly enemies parted as friends.

No sooner was the Princess alone, than, on directing her eyes towards her desk, she discovered that the letter addressed to the minister had disappeared! Turning deadly pale, her lips tried in vain to articulate a cry! She had only strength to ring the bell. When her attendants entered, they found her senseless on the floor!

CHAPTER VII.

Towards seven in the morning, Hugh Sterner was crossing the most obscure street in Offenbach, seeking to collect a few witnesses for the audience he was to have of the minister, when he found himself surrounded by the spies of the police. At first, he would have resisted; but yielding to force, allowed himself to be placed in a carriage, in which four individuals were waiting while their colleagues went in pursuit of him.

"Whither are you taking me?" inquired the mechanic, of his guards, not one of whom would answer. But Sterner perceived through the blinds of the carriage, that they were on the road to Ottersheim.

"Good!" said he, "we are going to the fortress!—I thought so. No doubt your orders are severe?"

One of the guards replied, " You are in for it, my fine fellow, and for life!"

" Better and better. Our minister seems to understand his calling right well! He is a good calculator. I am arrested at seven, he having granted me an audience for twelve."

His coolness and cheerfulness rendered his companions more communicative; and as Hugh became more silent, they in their turn, became inquisitive.

" You seem a good kind of fellow; by what chance, pray, are you our prisoner?" said one.

" Were I to tell you, you would scarcely believe me. Moreover, it is a secret!"

" True to your accomplices, eh?"

" No, it is out of respect for him who arrested me, that I am silent."

" What delicacy of sentiment!"

" For the few hours he is likely to deprive me of liberty, I would not deprive him of *his* for life! It would not be generous."

" He is mad," cried one of the guards. " He should be sent to bedlam, not to prison."

" You seldom see such light-hearted prisoners as I am, eh?" cried the locksmith, gaily.

" Seldom, indeed, my fine fellow!"

" Because few prisoners have in their keeping, the honour and life of those who imprison them!"

The guards now eyed each other in some surprise.

" You forgot to search me," said he, " on arresting me. It would be giving you useless trouble. Still, if you hold to it, do your duty."

He now turned his pockets inside out, and allowed his guards to search him.

" I told you so! Nothing but a few florins. Please to drink them to my health."

Conciliated by these words, the most sensitive of the guards put the money into his pocket.

" How is it so honest a fellow has met with so dreadful a punishment!" said he to the prisoner.

" It is something then very alarming I am to find yonder?" said Sterner.

" Imprisonment for life, and no chance of mercy;—particularly as the minister is likely to remain in office thirty years. Change of ministry is your only hope. Your friends will have time to forget you, before you leave the fortress of Ottersheim!"

"My *friends*, say ye?—I intend to dine with them to-day."

"No one can come to see you!"

"I intend to go to *them* in person," replied Helena's brother, in the same cheerful tone.

"Decidedly, he is mad!" cried his guards. But the carriage now halted in the first court of the fortress. The gates growled upon their hinges, and the guards laid hold of Sterner to conduct him before the governor of the prison.

The old Captain who commanded the fortress, having attentively read the minister's instructions was about to conduct him to the Governor, when Hugh demanded to be alone with him, as he had something of importance to communicate. The Captain surveyed him from head to foot.

"Has the prisoner been searched?" inquired he.

They replied affirmatively.

"Good!" said the Governor, "leave us, and place two sentries at the door."

Sterner and the Governor were now alone.

"Speak!" said the latter. "Here have been twenty prisoners since yesterday, all ready to make the most important disclosures;

all maintaining that they are innocent, or victims of treason; which matters little, seeing that they must remain here all the same!"

"I will not take up your time, Sir," said the locksmith. "Nor is it for myself. It is in favour of Count Otto I am about to speak, to whom I am indebted for my imprisonment."

"In *favour* of his Excellency? It does honour to your forbearance!" replied the Governor, smiling. "It is the first instance of the kind that has been under my charge.—But inform me, pray, of the nature of these good intentions towards the Count?"

"It is a secret between us; honour forbids my publishing it. But if you will forward a letter to him——"

"Do you mean to make a fool of me?" cried the old man. "You merely want to solicit your pardon! But my orders are precise; and you *cannot* correspond with his Excellency!"

"Definitively then, you will not allow me to write to the minister?"

"If I permitted all my prisoners to write to his Excellency, his whole time would be lost in reading petitions, and *I* should deserve to lose my place. I have heard enough."

"One word more, Captain! If the words of a honest man possess any value in your eyes, I swear to you that the honour, life, and fortune, of the Count von Spulgen, as well as the repose of another whom I will not now name, are at this moment in the greatest danger! If, this day, the minister do not get my letter, to-morrow he is lost!"

The firm tone of the prisoner, made considerable impression upon the Governor.

"Have a care!" said he; "if you deceive me, I shall repeat your exact words to his Excellency."

"You permit me then to write?" exclaimed Sterner, eagerly.

"On condition of my seeing the letter."

"Impossible! It is a state secret."

"I tell you it is my duty to examine the correspondence of all the prisoners."

"In that case, I will not write,—to-morrow, whether you will or no, I must have my liberty; and the Count von Spulgen will take my place in the dungeon he destined for me!—You will have unwillingly worked the ruin of his Excellency; and your own dismissal from office may probably be the price of your too scrupulous execution of your duties."

"One would imagine," said the Governor, "that the whole machinery of the state depended upon you!"

"In mechanics, Sir, one small wheel or pulley often controls more important parts. I hold that in my possession, which, from the depths of my dungeon, could influence or subvert the existing puppets of power. I only wish to save the minister from impending danger. One word more. If, upon receiving my letter, the Count von Spulgen do not release me from hence, you may treat me with all the severity I deserve."

"Write, then," said the Governor, struck with the frankness of the prisoner; "your letter shall be forwarded."

Sterner sat down beside the bureau. The Governor also took up the pen; and, in apologising for departing from the usual rigour, hoped to justify himself by recapitulating his conversation with the locksmith, word for word.

The brother of Helena wrote as follows:—

"When a powerful nobleman has made an untoward promise to a poor devil of a mechanic, he gets rid of the poor devil and the promise at once. But when a poor devil like

myself has received the word of honour of a nobleman such as you, without some guarantee for its fulfilment, he is an ass. Having little confidence in your word, I secured one which you would certainly have refused me. In quitting you yesterday, I carried away a letter addressed to you by the lady in whose presence we stood. This letter, and the details of our interview, are deposited in the hands of a trustworthy friend, who will place them in those of the Landgrave, should the day pass without his seeing me! Take heed, therefore, how you detain me. I possess your secret, for my friend possesses the letter under seal; and his Highness shall know the contents. You see I am frank. Be so likewise. Had I not had the good fortune to procure this letter, I should have perished forgotten in a dungeon, and my sister, whom your slander has sacrificed, would have been doubly lost, deprived of her only support. But the day of justice is come! From his prison, the man of the people, the mechanic, the speck of dirt, lords it over and crushes you! You, noble as you are—you, a minister of state—must fall, unless my sister be restored to honour. One day in prison, and the Prince shall know all. Your

agents can never discover the precious document. As for me, the rack should not tear the secret from my heart.

"HUGH STERNER, the locksmith."

Scarcely had two hours elapsed from the departure of the letter, when the Governor of the fortress of Ottersheim received an order to set his prisoner at liberty. Wolfrag, the secretary, came in person to enforce the warrant.

"What did I tell you?" inquired the locksmith of the Governor.

"So, then, his Excellency is safe?" demanded the old Captain, laughing.

"Not quite. We shall see."

Alarmed at the possibility of suspicion, Volfrag now interrupted the conversation, and quitted the fortress in haste, with Helena's brother.

"My good friend," said the secretary, as they pursued their way together, "listen to me! The Count von Spulgen believes your threat to be a subterfuge to obtain your liberty; but, even were it in existence, deems you too generous a man to take advantage of a document, which would prejudice one who has never offended you."

"I thank his Lordship for his good opinion; but cannot appreciate it much in one who has so ignobly broken a sacred promise to me," said the locksmith. "It would be an act of cowardice to flinch in my present determination. Yesterday I implored a simple declaration: to-day, I exact the most complete reparation. Tell your master, it is no longer a specious excuse I require; he must prove that he was concealed somewhere on the night he slandered my sister. It matters not where; provided it be known that the Count had a particular interest in concealing the motive of his absence."

"I did not expect this of you, after my Lord's clemency!" said Volfrag.

"His clemency," replied the locksmith, "consists in the fact, that, while I was in all confidence proceeding to my audience at the hotel of the minister, and seeking witnesses according to arrangement, he waylaid me with spies, and would have plunged me into a dungeon to the end of my days!"

"But he instantly acquiesced in your petition?"

"Ay, at the instigation of fear. Does he think to have done his duty towards me, be-

cause I am set free? No, no! The peril with which I threatened him this morning still hovers over his head: the document can still be submitted to the Prince. Let him, therefore adduce incontestible proof that he was not in the street of the White Eagle on the night of the 15th of September. Any pretext that does not carry conviction to all, that his calumny was indispensable to disguise the mystery of his movements, will not satisfy me; and I shall be compelled to employ the weapons which chance has placed in my hands."

"Do you wish him, then, to hazard his life?" demanded the secretary.

"I risked mine, Sir, to attend him. *He* has the reputation of a woman to preserve—I, the purity of my sister to establish. Our duties are the same. As to mine, be assured they shall be fulfilled to the letter. Your master is rich and powerful; let him suborn witnesses."

"Powerful, indeed! An hour ago he restored you to liberty!"

"And who took it from me?" added the mechanic.

"One whose power is at an end!" replied Volfrag. And Hugh now perceived the tears

were rolling down the face of the secretary. "Yes," said Volfrag, "the best and most generous of ministers has voluntarily sacrificed the favour of the Prince. Without your cruel persecution, he would still hold the reins of the state; you have forced him to resign them."

"I?" said Hugh, with a look of wonder.

"He had triumphed over all his enemies—one only remained. During the serious explanation that took place in the chamber of the Princess, spies were placed at the door. The voice of a man was overheard. Beatrix vainly attempted to persuade them that she was there alone. The Landgrave, fortunately warned too late, sent for the Count. At the moment his Highness's messenger was quitting my master's apartment, his Lordship returned; and, compelled to appear in the presence of the Prince, what would you have had him say?"

"He might have resumed," replied the locksmith, with a scornful smile, "his slanders against my poor sister!"

"He did!"

"The villain!" exclaimed Sterner. "Life and death for the Princess were in his words. It was necessary to deceive Maximilian. The Prince could not believe his friend

capable of a lie; still was there a germ of suspicion in his bosom. It required only a word to pass from doubt to certitude; so that when your letter threatening exposure arrived, he was already resolved to abjure all intimacy with the Princess. He now voluntarily retires to exile, renouncing happiness and power, to appease your vengeance. May these sacrifices disarm you! The Prince has accepted his resignation, and the Count von Spulgen's reign is over. He raised himself by his talents, from the humblest position to the highest; and sinks again into obscurity, to pacify you. Are you satisfied, Hugh Sterner? The minister has fallen, and you cannot now refuse to return him the document. It is not for himself he asks it, but for an unfortunate woman!"

"Had I yielded to a ridiculous feeling of pride, or the desire of humiliating a man in power," replied the locksmith with firmness, "my vengeance would be satisfied! But the reparation I exact from the noble Count, I would have exacted from one of my own condition, or indeed below it; only that with them, it would have been in the face of justice. Yesterday, justice from the minister appeared

hopeless; now, our weapons are even! I relinquish the use I might make of the letter; but will restore it only after he has answered, in a court of law, my suit for defamation."

"How!—after his fall—his exile—you do not relent?"

"Is my sister the less an object of scorn in her native town of Offenbach?—Is the oath I made my father less binding? No, no!—may the Count be happier still, rise higher yet in the esteem of the Landgrave, there will be on my part no petty feeling of envy. But whatever be his position, so long as my sister's fame be questioned, so long will I persecute him!"

"You are too revengeful!" replied Volfrag.

"Had the slanderer been an humble mechanic like myself, you would approve me. Is his being noble and powerful *my* fault? It is not *I* who sought him. I took him as I found him."

Volfrag reported the result of his interview to his master, while Sterner hastened to his sister at Frankfort. He was soon by Helena's side, who awaited him with impatience. He abstained, however, from alluding to the scene in the Princess's chamber, and to his imprison-

ment; but, for the first time, confessed to his cousins of Frankfort his motive for quitting Offenbach, naming him who had forced him and his sister to fly. He likewise spoke of the probable fall of the minister, and of his intention to prosecute him before the tribunals. Though he still concealed from his family the most important details of his intercourse with the Count von Spulgen, he was no less communicative in a letter which he wrote to his friend Anselm.

"Come back," said he, "and you shall find your affianced bride completely justified, and restored to the esteem of those who were so prompt in condemning her on the mere prattle of a child! Allow that *we* too were for a moment credulous? But the truth is about to shine forth. In a few weeks, we shall wake as from an evil dream. We will then talk anew of our plans, if however our lawsuit do not absorb the better part of our earnings; in which case, we may console ourselves that we still retain our honour, and possess our stout arms with ample courage to replenish the empty coffer."

Sterner was to return next morning to Offenbach, and expose his grievances against

the minister. Already had he selected his counsel. They were at supper, his cousins of Frankfort beginning to start objections touching the difficult affair in which he was about to engage; when lo! the door opened, and the locksmith recognised the secretary Volfrag, begging for a private audience of the mechanic. —They retired to an adjoining room.

"Sir," said the secretary, when alone with Helena's brother, "since this morning, a great change has taken place in the position of my master. From a high and mighty lord, the Count von Spulgen is compelled to drop his name and fly his country like a criminal. This is your doing."

"Explain yourself."

"The proceedings you threatened would lead to complete exposure. He must either prove an alibi for that unfortunate occurrence of the 15th of September, or send the Princess Clementine to the scaffold. To save the reputation of his Princess, he has renounced his honours and country, and now even drops his name. You cannot plead against the Count von Spulgen. He exists for me alone; who, in return for his boundless goodness, will ever be his companion in adversity."

Volfrag could scarcely articulate, so oppressed was he by his grief; the locksmith was equally overcome.

" He was a good, a worthy minister!" said Sterner. " But yesterday to slander my sister, and to-day to deprive her of her only support, are crimes not easily pardoned."

" He is about to expiate them, and cruelly! Learn however what he has done to restore you the reparation of which you are so jealous and which now costs him so dear."

" With a word he might have afforded us reparation fifteen days ago, after depriving us of our reputation!"

" He has given you more than his life, for he has sacrificed his honour to redeem your own. This morning, having resigned his office, he confided in your clemency; but when informed of your fresh resolution, when he saw that sooner or later his secret must be divulged, he exclaimed in despair—' He asks my blood then?—He shall have it!' I saw by his looks he had formed some dreadful resolution, but dared not interrogate him.

" ' Follow me Volfrag!' said he.

" 'Where you will, Sir!' I replied, 'to the end of the world! I am still ready to obey you;' but he heard me not! His mind was gone. We proceeded to the fortress of Ottersheim, the news of his resignation being unknown there. All the doors were opened to him, when he penetrated into the room of the Baron of Rœdelheim, where the conspirators were assembled. They turned pale upon seeing him; perceiving neither the strangeness of the Count, nor my anxiety.

" 'Do you come here to defy us?' said the Baron.

" After listening to the most outrageous insults, the most bitter invectives, he thus addressed them:

" 'It depends upon yourselves,' said he, 'to have your liberty in an hour, and return in triumph to Maximilian.'

" 'This is but a bitter mockery!' replied the Baron.

" 'I tell you it depends upon yourselves!'

" 'And what is required to procure our pardon?' inquired the Baron.

" 'To sacrifice *me!*' replied the Count. 'Surely you are too much my enemies to refuse it?'

"The prisoners looked at each other in surprise, and dared not believe their own ears. In spite of my efforts, I could barely restrain my tears.

"'You must draw up a petition to the Landgrave, in which I will assist you,' said the Count, 'and in which *I* alone must stand committed. All I ask you is, never to deny the terms of the document which you must sign.'

"Then, turning towards me, he bad me write as he should dictate. I took up the pen, with a sigh. Alas! I was about to indite the condemnation of my master; while his enemies flocked around me, seeming to weigh every word as it came from his lips.

"'Prince!' he now dictated,—'your faithful subjects, victims of the most perfidious treason, trust that the words of truth may yet attain your ear, and that the guilty will be punished! Count Otto von Spulgen, little knowing our attachment to your sacred person, tried to ensnare us in a plot, with no other end than an attempt upon your precious life.'

"'We will not sign that!' said several voices.

'A plot against the Prince? It is too horrible!'

"'Pause awhile!' calmly replied my master. 'It is I alone who am compromised.'

"He then continued:—

"'We pretended to approve his detestable project, for the purpose of laying hold of a written proof to place before your eyes. So long as this traitor relied upon us as accomplices, we were so many shields ready to ward off the blow to be aimed at your existence. Examine the Count von Spulgen face to face. If his heart can feel remorse, he will tell you that he only shut us up in this fortress, on detecting our design of betraying him. We conspired with him, only that we might be at hand to defend you.'

"'And now,' said he, having finished, 'sign!—you cannot refuse me this signal service. I have nothing but my life to lose! Let me stake it if I will!'

"The Countess was as agitated as myself; she had guessed my master's object.

"'Otto,' said she, 'we are no longer enemies;—the man capable of this noble devotion is worthy the love of a queen.'

"As to the old courtiers, they all hesitated. One only took up the pen, yet still, wanted courage to sign.

"'You hesitate?' observed the Count; "I offer you the means of returning to court favour, and for how little!—Merely to profess your attachment to his Highness, and say that I presided over your nocturnal meetings in the forest!—Fear nothing! *I* will not betray you.'

"He then wrote two letters; one for the Prince, and the other for Hugh Sterner, the locksmith."

"For me?"—interrupted Helena's brother, moved to tears by the recital of the secretary.

The letter was as follows:—

"In leaving Offenbach, I cannot support the remorse of having caused your sister's disgrace. I declare, on my sacred word, that I have never so much as beheld that young person. If I slandered her, it was to conceal another crime; of which you will soon hear more. Twenty witnesses, now confined in the fortress of Ottersheim, will prove that I was with *them* on the night of the 15th of September, in the forest inn, known under the name

of Saint Hubert du Bois. May she who has so patiently endured her shame, pardon the man who sacrifices him atonement of a thoughtless word of DEFAMATION.

OTTO, COUNT VON SPULGEN."

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SCHULZE AND CO. 13, POLAND STREET.

WORKS ON EDUCATION:

Including those read in the

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

CONTENTS

HEBREW,	BIOGRAPHY,	EOGRAPHY,
LATIN,	THEOLOGY,	ARITHMETIC,
GREEK,	MATHEMATICS,	FRENCH,
HISTORY,	ENGLISH,	ITALIAN, &c

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY JOHN CUMMING,

LOWER ORMOND QUAY, DUBLIN.

MDCCCXLI.

NEW FRENCH DICTIONARY.

DU GUÉ'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY

OF

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

IN TWO PARTS:

First—FRENCH AND ENGLISH, containing the Pronunciation of every French word, as Authorised by the Academy, and the following

LEXICOGRAPHERS AND GRAMMARIANS:—

GATTEL,	FERAUD,	DOMERQUE,
WAILLY,	BEAUZEE,	VAUGELAS.

Second—ENGLISH AND FRENCH, to which are prefixed

AN ABRIDGED GRAMMAR,

AND A LIST OF PROPER NAMES.

18mo. bound, 6s.

IN this Work, the compilation of which has cost the Author several years of indefatigable application, the greatest attention has been given to the insertion of all the new words and phrases, which owe their origin to the recent improvements in the arts and habits of life, and to the omission of those that are now considered obsolete.

The *pronunciation* of every word according to the *French sound*, will, it is hoped, prove a valuable recommendation to the Work, and must be of essential service to the Student, who after having pronounced the vowels with a master, may refer to the Dictionary with perfect confidence.

The *first part* comprehends—Terms in common use—those connected with Science, the Fine Arts, &c—and the pronounciation of every word as authorised by the The Academy and French Lexicographers and Grammarians of the very first celebrity.

The *second part* contains a very copious Vocabulary of English words and expressions, with their various meanings translated into French, and when the expressions happen to be Substantives, the French Gender, is pointed out by means of proper signs.

In *The List of Proper Names* considerable improvement has been made—here will be found a useful, and entertaining key to the history and mythology of the Ancients.

An abridged, but comprehensive *Grammar* precedes the entire of the above. As it was written principally for beginners, all scientific disquisitions, have been carefully avoided. The verbs, regular and irregular, are treated in full, and various detached remarks will be found throughout the work to aid the young Student.

Popular and Established School and College Books,

Published and Sold by John Cumming,

Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin.

HEBREW LANGUAGE.

BYTHNERI LYRA PROPHETICA, with a Hebrew and Chaldee Grammar &c. new edition translated by the Rev. THOMAS DEE, 8vo. 24*s.*

"A Translation with various improvements, which must increase its value to the Biblical Student."—*Horne on the Scriptures.*

HINCKS' HEBREW GRAMMAR, in the English Language, with full directions for using the points, &c. 8vo. 7*s.*

LATIN LANGUAGE.

VIRGIL: from HEYNE'S Text, with Annotations original and selected, by J. A. PHILLIPS, A.B. also a *Map of the Voyage of Æneas*, 18mo. bound, 6*s.*

——— DAVIDSON'S TRANSLATION (*Complete,*) new edition, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

AINSWORTH'S DICTIONARY, with GESNER'S ETYM. INDEX, 8vo. bd. 16*s.*

ALVARY'S PROSODY, with the Explanations in English, 18mo. bound, 1*s.*

——— CONSTRUED, new edition, (1840) 18mo. 4*d.*

ARS RHETORICA, on the Plan of Holmes, by R. BALL, 12mo. bound, 3*s.*

BURROWES' SELECTÆ SENTENTIÆ, new edition, 12mo. bound, 1*s.* 6*d.*

CÆSAR: new edit. with English Notes, &c. By PRENDEVILLE, 12mo. bd. 5*s.*6*d.*

——— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, 18mo. bound, 2s.

——— ETON, new edition, with English Notes, &c. 18mo. bound, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— With an Interlinear TRANSLATION by HAWKESWORTH, 12mo. bd. 4*s.*

CELLARIUS' ANCIENT ATLAS, containing 32 maps, ob. 4to. bound 9*s.*

CICERO: THE ORATIONS, with Translation by DUNCAN, 12mo. 5*s.*

——— With English Notes, by Rev. Dr. M'KAY, 8vo. 10s.

——— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, 8vo. 6*s.*

CLARKE'S INTRODUCTION TO MAKING LATIN, 12mo. bd. 2*s.* 6*d.*

CORDERIUS: THE COLLOQUIES, with Notes by WILLYMOT, 12mo. bd. 2*s.* 6*d.*

LATIN LANGUAGE

CORNELII NEPOTIS VITA: with English Notes by HICKIE, 12mo. bd. 3*s.*

EARLY EXERCISES, an Introd. to those of *Mair, Clarke, &c.* 12mo. bd. 1*s.*6*d.*

EPITOME OF FABULOUS HISTORY, second edition, 18mo. bound, 2*s.*

ETON CONSTRUCTION, new and improved edition, 12mo. bound, 1*s.*

——— LATIN GRAMMAR, with the Syntax in English, 12mo. bd. 1*s.* 6*d.*

——— LATIN GRAMMAR, with the Syntax in Latin, 12mo. bound, 1*s.* 6*d.*

HAWKESWORTH'S PROG. LESSONS IN LATIN, 12mo. bound, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——————————— ENGLISH, 12mo. bound, 3*s.*

HOOLE'S TERMINATIONS OF NOUNS AND VERBS, 12mo. bound, 1*s.* 6*d.*

HORACE: with Prolegomena and English Notes, by M'CAUL, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— M'CAUL'S, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, new edition, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— With Notes by PROFESSOR ANTHON, new edition, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— ANTHON'S, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, new edition, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— SMART'S, with a Literal Translation, &c. new edit. 12mo. 6*s.*

JUNIUS' COMPENDIUM OF LOGIC, in two parts, 8vo. 4*s.* each.

JUVENAL & PERSIUS: with Notes from ELRINGTON, &c. 12mo. bd. 7*s.*6*d.*

——————————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, new edition, 12mo. bd. 4*s.*

LEMPRIERE'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY, new edition, 18mo. bd. 7*s.* 6*d.*

LILY'S LATIN GRAMMAR, new edition (1840,) 12mo. bound, 2*s.* 6*d.*

LIVY: Books 1 to 3, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, new edition, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MURRAY'S ARS LOGICÆ, for T.C.D. 12mo. bound, 2*s.*

OVID'S FASTI: Books 1 to 3, with English Notes by THYNNE, 12mo. 5*s.*

——————————————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— FASTI: with English Notes, books 4 to 6, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——————————————————— 1 to 6, (*Complete*) 12mo. 8*s.*

——— METAMORPHOSES, &c. by BAILEY, new edition, 12mo. bound, 5*s.*

PHŒDRUS: with a Key, Notes, & Parsing Index, by BAILEY, 12mo. bd. 3*s.*6*d.*

SALLUST: from the text of Cortius, with English Annotations, 12mo. bd. 2*s.*6*d.*

——————— With copious English Notes by ANTHON, 12mo. bd. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, new edition, 12mo. bound, 2*s.* 6*d.*

SWAIN'S EASY LATIN SENTENCES, new edition, 12mo. bound, 1*s.* 6*d.*

TERENCE: PATRICK'S Text and Translation, by PRENDEVILLE, 8vo. 15*s.*

WETTENHALL'S LATIN GRAMMAR, new edition, 12mo. bound, 1*s.*

YOUNG'S SYNTAXIS LILII CONTRACTIOR, new edition, 12mo. bd. 1*s.*

GREEK LANGUAGE

XENOPHON: THE ANABASIS, with Notes by PHILLIPS, 12mo. bd. 6*s.*

——————————————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, 12mo. bound, 3*s.*

——————— THE CYROPÆDIA, with Notes by GEOGHEGAN, 12mo. bd. 6*s.*

——————————————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, 12mo. bound, 3*s.*

DEMOSTHENES: ORATIONS AGAINST PHILIP, with Notes, 2 vols. 12mo. 6*s.*

——————————— ON THE CROWN, with Notes, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——————— ÆSCHINES against CTESIPHON, with Notes, 12mo. 3*s.*

EURIPIDES: The Metres in the HECUBA and MEDEA, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

——————— HIPPOLYTUS and IPHIGENIA, with Translation, &c. 8vo. 10*s.*

HINCKS' GREEK-ENGLISH & ENG-GREEK LEXICON, sq. 12mo. bd. 12*s.*

——————— GREEK GRAMMAR, third edition, 12mo. bound, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——————— GREEK EXERCISES, 12mo. bd. 3*s.* 6*d.*——KEY, 12mo. bd. 5*s.*

——————— GREEK DELECTUS, with a Lexicon &c. 12mo. bound, 2*s.* 6*d.*

HOMER: THE ILIAD, with Notes by Dr. KENNEDY, 3 vols. 12mo. 9*s.* each.

——————————————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, 3 vols. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* each.

——————————— WALKER'S CLAVIS, new edition (1840.) 12mo. bd. 8*s.*

——————— THE ODYSSEY, Literally translated, new edition, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

——————— A TREATISE ON, by the Rev. JOHN DARLEY, 12mo. bound, 5*s.*

LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME, with English Annotations, 12mo. 5*s.*

LUCIAN: All the Dialogues read in T.C.D. by SPILLAN, 12mo. bound, 7*s.*

——————————————— by WALKER, 12mo. bd. 9*s.*

——————————————— LITERALLY TRANSLATED, new edit. 12mo. bd. 3*s.*

——————— STOCK'S SELECTIONS FROM: *(for Junior Sophisters,)* 12mo. 5*s.*

SOPHOCLES; ANTIGONE AND Œ. COLONŒUS, with Translation, &c. 8vo. 10*s.*

——————— ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS AND COLONŒUS, with Translation, 8vo. 10*s.*

——————— PHILOCTETES, with Literal Translation & English Notes, 8vo. 5*s.*

——————— TRACHINIÆ, with Literal Translation & English Notes, 8vo. 5*s.*

THE GRECIAN DRAMA, by the Rev. JOHN DARLEY, 8vo. 12*s.*

THUCYDIDES: with English, and Latin Translations, Notes, &c. 8vo. 6*s.*

WETTENHALL'S GREEK GRAMMAR by Thynne, 12mo. bound, 2*s.*

WRIGHT'S GREEK GRAMMAR: *(Greek and English,)* 12mo. bd. 2*s.* 6*d.*

WRIGHT'S GREEK SENTENCES, with Lexicon, &c. 12mo. bound, 3*s.*

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

GOLDSMITH'S ENGLAND to 1840, with very material introductions, a Chronological Chart and portraits of all the Sovereigns; to which are now added the names of the various Tribes before the invasion of the Romans: the Anglo-Saxon divisions of Britain; Anglo-Saxon days and months; Chronological list of the Monarchs before and since the Conquest; with a detailed account of the Situation, Extent, Population, Civil Divisions, Aspect, and Foreign Possessions of this Mighty Empire, 12mo. roan, 4*s*.

"The most useful Book ever published."—Dr. Johnson.
"A very elegant edition continued to 1840."—Dublin Monitor.
"We warmly recommend it to Parents and Teachers."—D. E. Mail.

GOLDSMITH'S ROME, new edition by Mac Ilveen, 12mo. bd. 5*s*. 6*d*.

——————— ROME, new and improved edition, 2 vols. 12mo. bound, 8*s*.

JONES' BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY to 1840, 18mo. bound, 6*s*.

TRIMMER'S ENGLAND, *with a continuation* to 1840, &c. 12mo. bound, 4*s*.

TYTLER'S Ancient and Mod. History to 1840 by Hincks, 18mo. bound, 3*s*.

THEOLOGICAL TEXT BOOK.

DIVINITY STUDENT'S ASSISTANT, a Summary of Scriptural and Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. Lowry M'Clintock, A.M. 12mo. 6*s*.

PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS, &c.

GIBSON'S SYSTEM OF LAND SURVEYING, new edition, with all the modern improvements, by Trotter, 8vo. bound, with many plates, 9*s*.

ALGEBRAICAL EXERCISES for T.C.D. new edition, 12mo. 5*s*.

BONNYCASTLE'S ALGEBRA by the Rev. J. Tyson, 12mo. bound, 4*s*.

——————————— KEY TO, 12mo. bound, 4*s*. 6*d*.

——————— MENSURATION by the same, 12mo. bd. 4*s*. 6*d*.

ELRINGTON'S EUCLID, eleventh edition with Notes, 8vo. 7*s*.

SPALDING'S MECHANICS OF ACTION, &c. with plates, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THYNNE'S LOGIC, for the Under Graduates of T.C.D. 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

TROTTER'S ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY, greatly improved edition, with numerous plates of the Planets, Solar System, &c. 12mo. bound.

TURNER'S ARTS AND SCIENCES by Sullivan, 12mo. bound, 3*s*. 6*d*.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

NEW UNIVERSAL PRIMER; A First book for Children on a novel and very simplified plan, with numerous well engraved wood-cuts, 18mo. bound, 6*d*.

CARPENTER'S SPELLING-BOOK, WITH AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, A DICTIONARY OF DERIVATIONS, and READING LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY, OUTLINES OF THE HISTORIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, CHAPTERS ON GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, PRINTING &c. 12mo. bound, 1*s*. 6*d*.

MURRAY'S ABRIDGED GRAMMAR by TROTTER, 18mo. bound, 1*s*.

———— GRAMMAR, new and enlarged edition, 12mo. bound, 3*s*.

———— READER, new and much enlarged edition, 12mo. bound, 3*s*. 6*d*

———— EXERCISES, new edit. 12mo. bound, 2*s*.—KEY, 12mo. bd. 2*s*.

PARENT'S ASSISTANT by MISS EDGEWORTH, 3 vols. 18mo. bd. 7*s*. 6*d*.

GEOGRAPHY.

HARVEY ON THE STUDY OF THE USE OF THE GLOBES, containing a variety of the most instructive Problems, &c. 12mo. bound, 1*s*. 6*d*.

HINCKS' MODERN GEOGRAPHY, new and enlarged edition, on the basis of Malte Brun's valuable work, with all the recent discoveries, 18mo. 9*d*.

HINCKS'ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, for the use of Classical Students, 18mo. 1*s*.

ARITHMETIC, &c.

ARITHMETIC: A Theoretical, Mental and Mercantile ARITHMETIC, together with a Treatise on Plane TRIGONOMETRY, showing the application of it to LAND SURVEYING, &c. by MARCUS TROTTER, 12mo. bound, 3*s*. 6*d*.

The principles of Arithmetic and their application to business, have been explained and clearly illustrated by simple rules, and numerous examples, to which are prefixed Tables of Monies, Weights and Measures, according to the Imperial Standard. In every case when practicable, the examples have been laid down, so as to afford to the Pupil highly valuable information, consisting of important facts (derived from the latest authorities) in the Trade, Commerce and Geography of the British Empire, *particularly Ireland*; also a new general rule for the Square and Cube Roots, never before printed, which rule is applicable in finding the roots of any number.

INTRODUCTION TO THOMSON'S ARITHMETIC, new edit. 16mo. 6*d*.

JACKSON'S BOOK KEEPING, new edition by TROTTER, 8vo. bd. 5*s*.

VOSTER'S ARITHMETIC, new edit. 12mo. bd. 2*s*.———KEY, 12mo. bd. 4*s*.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES.

DU GUE'S FRENCH PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, 18mo. bound 6*s*.

"Du Gue's French Dictionary is exceedingly well arranged, and evidently proceeds from a person of great practical experience."—*Evening Mail.*

"We consider this the best School Dictionary extant. Monsieur Du Gue has proved himself a most indefatigable Scholar."—*Evening Post.*

"This is a Work which every French Student should possess. The Publisher deserves well of the public for this and many other popular works in which cheapness, convenience, and accuracy are combined."—*Morning Register.*

"We may safely assert, that from the judicious manner in which this Book is compiled, it must prove highly popular."—*Weekly Warder.*

"This volume is far superior to the generality of such Works."—*Saunders' News Letter.*

DU GUE'S FRENCH GRAMMAR, improved edition, 12mo. bound, 3*s*.

——————— EXERCISES, new edition, 12mo. bound, 2*s*.

——————— & ENGLISH PRONOUNCING PRIMER, 16mo. 1*s*.

——————— PHRASE BOOK, third and enlarged edition, 18mo. 1*s*.

——————— KEY TO FRENCH PRONUNCIATION, new edit. 12mo. 1*s*.

——————— DICTIONNAIRE D'EMULATION, 12mo. bound, 5*s*.

BERTINCHAMP'S FRENCH GRAMMAR, new edition, 12mo. bound, 4*s*.

CHAMBAUD'S FABLES CHOISIES, new edition by Du Gue, 12mo. bd. 2*s*.

CHARLES XII. new edition, greatly improved, 12mo. bound, 4*s*.

DOISY'S COURSE OF FRENCH LITERATURE, 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

GIL BLAS de Santillane, 2 vols. 12mo. bound, 8*s*.

GUILLAUME TELL, Ouvrage posthume de Florian, by Doisy, 18mo. bd. 3*s*.

LA HENRIADE par Voltaire, new edit. with Notes by Doisy, 18mo. bd. 3*s*.

LES AVENTURES DE TELEMAQUE, new edition, 12mo. bound, 4*s*.

NICHOLAS' TABLETTES FRANCAISES, &c. 12mo. bound, 2*s*.

NUGENT'S FRENCH PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, 18mo. bd. 6*s*.

PERRIN'S FRENCH FABLES, new edition by Du Gue, 12mo. bd. 2*s*. 6*d*.

——————— ELEMENTS OF FRENCH CONVERSATION, 12mo. bd. 2*s*.

PORNEY'S FRENCH SPELLING, new and improved edition, 12mo. bd. 2*s*.

——————— FRENCH GRAMMAR, 8vo. bound, 6*s*.

PRAVAL'S FRENCH IDIOMS, new edition by Doisy, 12mo. bound, 3*s*. 6*d*.

RECUEIL CHOISI, new edition with Notes by Du Gue, 12mo. bound, 3*s*.

VERGANI'S ITALIAN GRAMMAR new edition by Pino, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 046407315